

The Critic

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The Lounger

THE May number of THE CRITIC will be an Emerson Number apropos of the centennial of his birth. There will be articles on different aspects of Emerson's life, especially written for THE CRITIC by Moncure D. Conway, Gerald Stanley Lee, Edith Baker Brown, Benjamin De Casseres, and F. B. Sanborn. The first and last were intimate friends and companions of the philosopher of Concord.

These articles will be profusely illustrated with portraits of Emerson and views of his homes and haunts.

I beg to call the attention of all readers of THE CRITIC to the request for editorial suggestions made in the front advertising pages of this number.

The announcement is interesting, if true, that Maeterlinck and Mlle. Georgette Leblanc are coming to America. Mlle. Leblanc will be seen in a number of Maeterlinck's plays. It is said that Maeterlinck wrote "Monna Vanna" for his wife, but it was not she who played the part in France or England. Maeterlinck has just completed another play for Mlle. Leblanc entitled "Joysette," and it is this and "Monna Vanna" that it is announced she will play in this country. It is as well that

the plays are to be acted in French and by French people. An English version of "Monna Vanna" was under consideration by a well-known American actress who had only read the play in French, but when she read the English version she saw that it would be impossible to produce it in English before an American audience. In French it is another thing.

I had supposed if there was one play in the world that would not be burlesqued it would be "Everyman," but even that has not escaped. London has put on a travesty called "Every Man's Education," with the names of the chief characters Knowledge, Oxford, and Cambridge. Rather a poor joke, it seems to me.

Arrangements have just been completed for the dramatization and production of Mr. Frank Norris's posthumous novel, "The Pit." Mr. W. H. Brady, the manager who has purchased the dramatic rights, will first produce the play in Chicago. Mr. Brady has chosen his city wisely and well. If the dramatization is all that it ought to be I should think that he could play it in Chicago for an entire season.

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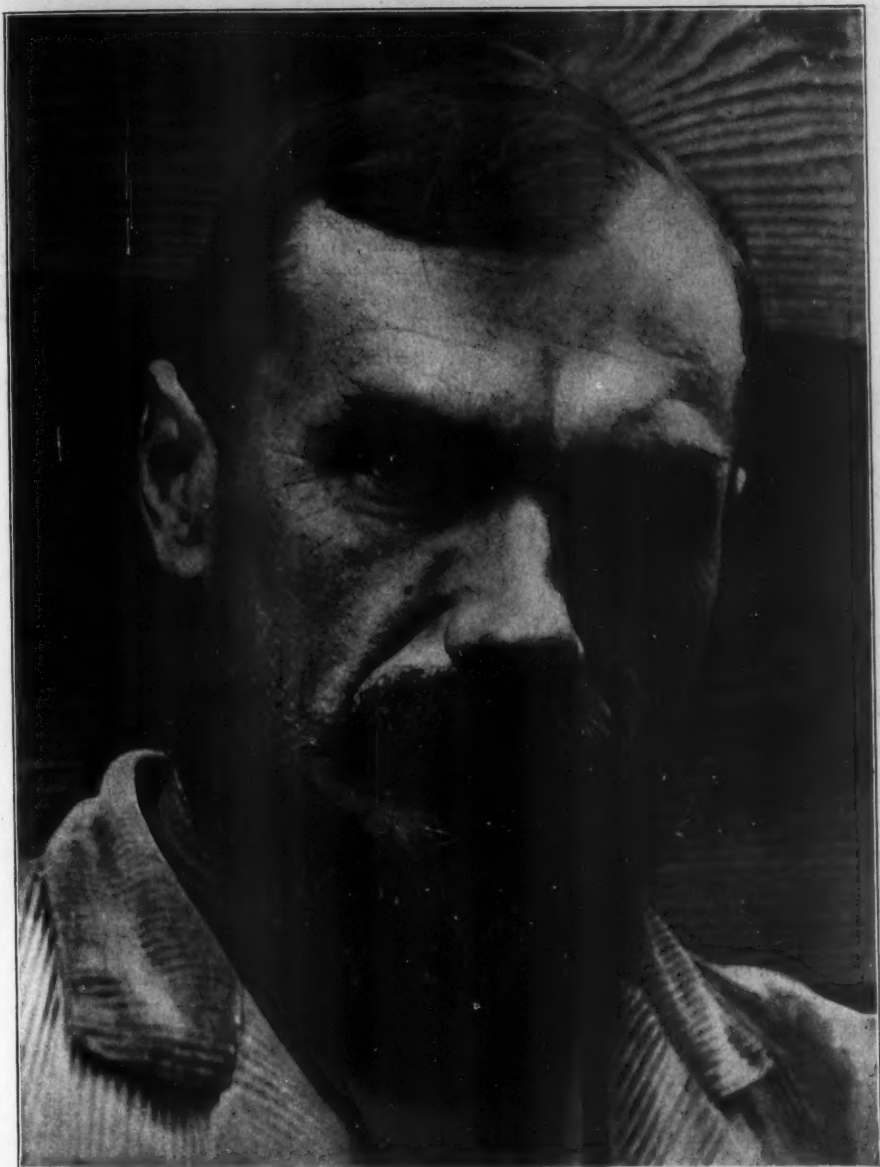
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MISS ETHEL M. SMYTH

Aimé Dupont

This admirable portrait of Miss Ethel M. Smyth shows her, not as she answered the curtain calls at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of March 11th, when her one-act opera, "Der Wald," was produced for the first time in this country, but as she appears in the street and at rehearsals. Miss Smyth is an Englishwoman who had her musical training in Germany.

"Der Wald" shows the influence of the modern German school. Not only did Miss Smyth compose the music, but she wrote the libretto, and wrote it in German. The performance of her opera drew a large and fashionable audience to the Metropolitan Opera House, and signs of appreciation were frequent. Mme. Gadski sang the principal rôle and won fresh honors.



FREDERIK VAN EEDEN, AUTHOR OF "THE DEEPS OF DELIVERANCE," WHO IS DISCUSSED ON ANOTHER PAGE.

In reply to a letter of inquiry Mr. Frederik van Eeden gives the following facts concerning his life:

I was born in 1860 at Haarlem. Studied medi-

cine and took my degree as an M.D. at Amsterdam in 1886. Studied hypnotism and psychotherapeutics at Nancy and Paris, and had a clinique for nervous diseases with Dr. van Renterghem at Amsterdam for seven years. Started a communistic



Photo by

Murillo St. Louis

MISS WALSH AS MASLOVA IN "RESURRECTION"

settlement at Bussum in 1899, called "Walden," after the book of Thoreau. Founded the "Society for Collective Possession of Land" in 1901, which is counting now about 3000 members and has six or seven settlements all over the country.

My first publications were dramatic. Three or four comedies were successful on the stage between 1880 and 1890. First prose book was "Little Johannes" (English by Mrs. Clara Bell, London, William Heinemann), published in 1885. Then followed "Don Torribio," a comedy; "Ellen. A Song of Sorrow," verse; "Johannes Viator," prose (English translation in preparation); "The Brothers: Tragedy of Justice," dramatic verse; "Lioba: A Drama of Faithfulness," dramatic verse; "The Song of Seeming and Reality."

didactic verse; "The Deepes of Deliverance," epic prose; "The Passionless Lily," lyric verse. Moreover, essays on therapeutics, psychical research, spiritism, art and literature, and social questions. I am preparing now a book called "Happy Humanity," explaining my social views.

In 1886 I started, with some other young authors, the review *The New Guide*, still existing under editorship of William Kloos. This year I started a weekly paper on the social question called *The Pioneer*, the paper of the Society for Collective Possession of Land.

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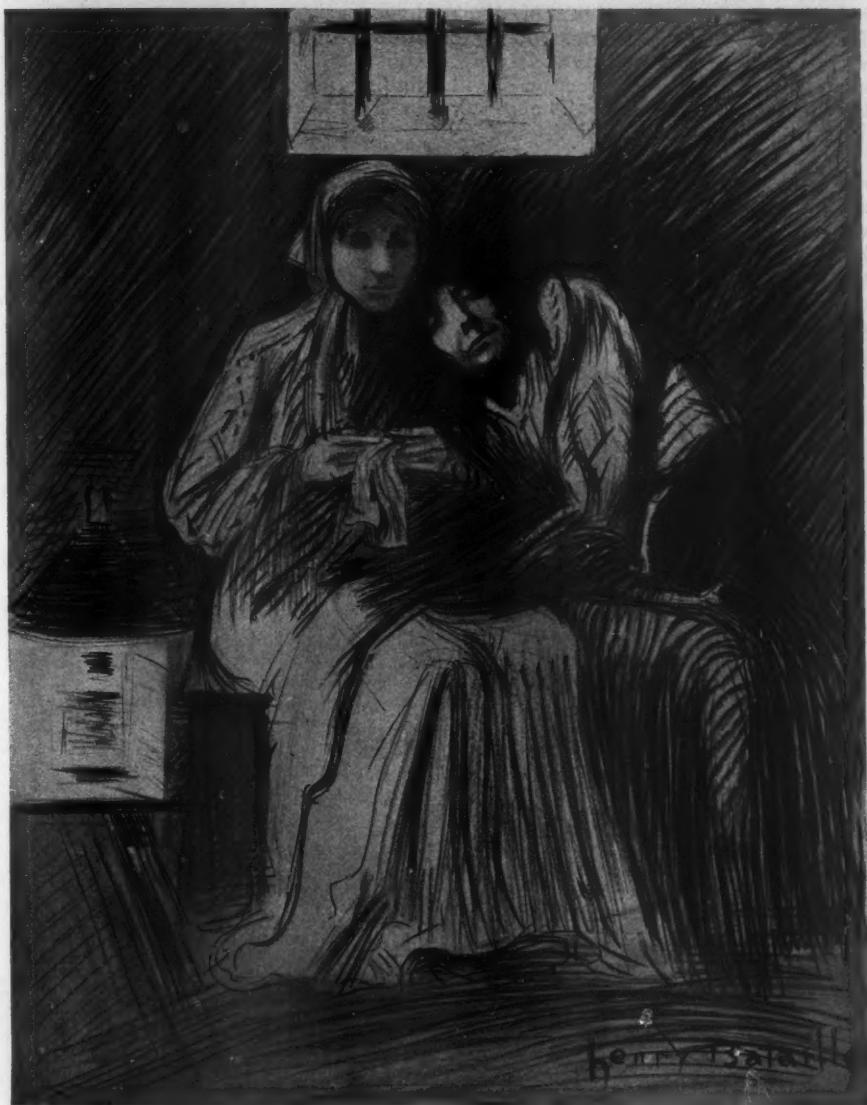
One of the most interesting theatrical performances of the year is Tolstoy's "Resurrection," now holding the boards of the Victoria Theatre in this city. Miss Blanche Walsh is playing the part of Maslova and Mr. Joseph Haworth that of Nekhludoff. The performance of both of these actors is admirable. Miss Walsh more than justifies the expectations that her friends had in regard to what she would do with the part of the unfortunate Russian girl. There has been a great deal of talk in the papers about the play being so much coarser than the book, and that it is not Tolstoy, and all that sort of thing, but I fail to see this. I do not think the play is one whit coarser than Tolstoy's story—indeed not as coarse. The fact that the author had a high moral purpose in writing the book does not, to my mind, take



M. HENRI BATAILLE

(After the design by Vallotton)

away from any of its repulsiveness. days. It is excellently mounted and To me the book is revolting—the play admirably acted. The best acting



POSTER FOR "RESURRECTION"
(Drawn by Henri Bataille)

is not. I found it most interesting, yet not without its faults, but one does not expect to see perfect plays now- of the smaller parts is done by Mr. Sidney Herbert and Miss Beverley Sitgreaves.

Madame Duse saw the French version of "Resurrection," by M. Henri Bataille, in Paris, and at once secured it for Italy. I understand that Madame Duse is coming to America for eight weeks next season to play repertoire, and I hope that "Resurrection" will be included in her list. The poster advertising this play, which is here reproduced, was made by the French author of the play, who seems to have more than one accomplishment. It

wonder, particularly as Dr. Nicholl got them from Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, who, one might have thought, would have used them in her introductions to the Biographical Edition of her father's works. Dr. Nicholl has the knack of finding unique and valuable material in fields that others would seem to have worked dry. To this

Thackeray Number of *The Bookman* Mr. G. K. Chesterton contributes a short essay on Thackeray, which, while having all the ear-



was used in Paris and in England, which reminds me that the play has not been a success in London, and Mr. Tree will soon take it off.

marks of his peculiar style, is not unilluminating.

W. M. THACKERAY

(After the portrait painted by Frank Stone, A.R.A., in 1836, first published in the English *Bookman*)

I wrote to the Century Company while this number of *THE CRITIC* was in preparation for a new photograph of the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," and this is the reply I received from Mr. Ellsworth:

Dr. Robertson Nicholl has been most fortunate in getting some unpublished Thackeray portraits for a Thackeray Number of the London *Bookman*. How these portraits have escaped other searchers after Thackeray material is a

We are sorry, but we cannot send you a photograph of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice. She has absolutely forbidden us to allow her photograph to go



STRANGERS' ROOM REFORM CLUB

(Showing portrait of Thackeray by Lawrence, and busts of Sir Wm. Molesworth and Charles Butler)



WRITING TABLE AND CHAIR USED BY THACKERAY AT YOUNG STREET, ONBLOW SQUARE, AND PALACE GREEN

(The above illustrations are from the *English Bookman*)



W. M. THACKERAY

(From the sketch by Sir John Millais, first published in the *English Bookman*)

out again, as she seems to be in the mood of resenting personal publicity, and this in spite of the fact that we had two hundred and fifty copies of her photograph all nicely printed at eight cents a print for use in connection with "Lovey Mary."

The attitude of Mrs. Rice is refreshing. In these days, when authors are as eager to keep themselves in the "public eye" as are actors and quack doctors, for one to refuse to be pictured in the public prints is something new. I admire Mrs. Rice's position in the matter, but I regret that I am unable to print her portrait.

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Apropos of the foregoing, Messrs. Liebler & Co. have purchased the dramatic rights in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary." Mrs. Anne Crawford Flexner, who dramatized "Miranda of the Balcony" for Mrs. Fiske, is making the play out of Mrs. Rice's books. Mrs. Flexner is a fellow-townswoman and friend of Mrs. Rice, and will have the benefit of her co-operation in making the play. The two books will be welded together, as "Mrs. Wiggs" is as prominent in the second volume as she was in the first. When Mr. George C. Tyler, of Liebler & Co., was in London a few weeks ago, Mr. J. M. Barrie told him that he considered "Mrs. Wiggs" the best American book of recent times for the purpose of a play, and Mr. Barrie ought to know. Mr. Tyler was so impressed by his enthusiasm that he had not been in New York more than a week before he made all his arrangements for producing the play. I don't know who is to play "Mrs. Wiggs," but I should say that Miss May Robson would be ideal in the part.

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Messrs. Harper announce three editions of "Lady Rose's Daughter": one in two volumes, limited to three hundred and fifty sets, each set "autographed" by the author; another in two volumes, very much like the first, except that it is not "autographed"; and still another one-volume edition with half the number of Christy's illus-

trations. For my own personal library I would prefer an edition without any of the illustrations, for I do not think that Mr. Christy has been very happy in illustrating Mrs. Ward's novel.

Time flies so fast that it does not seem possible that it is two years since we have had a novel from Mrs. Humphry Ward, and yet this is true. It is two years since "Eleanor" was published. Already arrangements have been made for the dramatization of "Lady Rose's Daughter."

The accusation of plagiarism made against Mrs. Ward is too absurd for serious discussion. Suppose she did turn Mlle. Julie de Lespinasse into Julie le Breton, what possible objection could there be? Did n't Meredith draw upon history for the plot and characters of "The Tragic Comedians"? I should say that Mrs. Humphry Ward's sense of honor was quite as high as that of her accusers. The accusation is nonsense and I wonder that she bothered to answer it.

A new magazine is announced—a unique one and one that occupies a new field. It is called *The Newsboys' Magazine* and sells for ten cents a copy, and the newsboy who sells it makes eight cents a copy; four cents on the sale, and four cents which is placed in the boy's name. He will be allowed to draw twenty per cent of the accumulation just before each Christmas, the balance being paid over when he reaches his sixteenth birthday. The first number of the magazine prints letters of endorsement from Admirals Dewey and



Photo by

Barnett, London.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Schley. The idea seems admirable, and I should be glad to see the circulation of *The Newsboys' Magazine* reach the million mark, which has just been attained by the *Ladies' Home Journal*.



Photo by

MR. EDMUND GOSSE

Elliott & Fry

Count Robert de Montesquiou has been very much impressed by the popularity of the song "Mr. Dooley." He has heard it whistled in the streets, ground out by the hand-organs, played by the theatre orchestras, and sung in drawing-rooms, and he has noticed that whenever it is sung in the latter place most of the company join in the chorus. Judging by the enthusiasm with which the song is received he mistook its purpose, for he asked a friend recently if it was not the American national anthem.

I have received from Mr. Clement Shorter some interesting paragraphs about Mr. Edmund Gosse. It seems that Mr. Shorter's first appearance in print was as a defender of Mr. Gosse

against his critics. The latter has been attacked more than once for carelessness as to facts and dates. Some years ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* accused him of certain inaccuracies in one of his earlier books.

A discussion raged fast and furious [says Mr. Shorter]. Not only my first letter to a London newspaper, but my first contribution to London journalism, took the form of a letter in attempted defence of Mr. Gosse. I was proud to see that letter in print, and still prouder to receive a kind letter of thanks from Mr. Gosse. My plea was that we had all received much pleasure from Mr. Gosse's work, that we had all found in it an incentive to a study of books, that it was not of very great moment if here and there Mr. Gosse had tripped over a date or been careless of a fact, and I ventured to insist that the spirit of the genuine book-lover was in Mr. Gosse, that he had been a valuable teacher to those of us who were a few years his juniors.

Mr. Shorter calls attention to a catalogue of Mr. Gosse's library which has recently been placed in the hands of a few of his friends.

It [he writes] indicates wide interests, but a genuine appreciation, most of all, of the Elizabethan drama. It indicates, further, what all who have read Mr. Gosse's work will understand thoroughly, his deep sympathy with contemporary literary effort. He has bought the books of the younger men.

In this connection Mr. Shorter gives his definition of the business of the critic, which, he believes,

is to help to build up a literary standard by which we may escape the disaster of a cruel ignoring of our great contemporaries. Mr. Gosse has helped us here, and this is not the least of his many services to literature.



La Bretagne dort dans son grand lit clos,
Mais parfois en rêve on l'entend qui chante
J'écoute... et redis 'sa Chanson Touchante'
A nos Laboureurs, a nos Marseis! Botrel

M. PAUL DE FRICK'S PORTRAIT OF
THÉODORE BOTREL, THE BRETON BALLAD SINGER,
WHOSE CAREER IS REVIEWED ON PAGE 365



Photo by

Varney & Son, Buckingham

JOSEPH McCABE

(Who contributes a study of St. Augustine's and Rousseau's "Confessions" to this number of THE CRITIC. Photographed in 1896, two months before leaving the Church)

One of the most eminent public men of England is the Right Honorable George Goschen, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., who was created Viscount Goschen in the year 1900. Lord Goschen was formerly a member of a banking firm, but for many years has been in public life, having entered the House of Commons in 1863 and remained there for the greater part of forty years. He was appointed Paymaster-General in 1865, and was after-

wards Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, President of the Poor Law Board, First Lord of the Admiralty in two cabinets, Special Commissioner to Constantinople, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Salisbury's second administration; he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University in 1887, and of Edinburgh University in 1890. He was a member of the Liberal party, but split with Mr. Gladstone—as so many others did—over the question of Home Rule, and was thus able, as a Liberal-Unionist, to accept office under Mr. Gladstone's Conservative successor. His "Theory of the Foreign Exchanges" is the standard book on its subject; and he has written an equally important volume on the subject of taxation. In this department of government he has done constructive work of a high order, and he is to-day regarded as the foremost living authority on English financial questions.

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Neither of Lord Goschen's previous books, nor any of the many speeches and addresses on political, social, or educational affairs can be strictly described as literature; but, with the new year, he challenges literary criticism by a work appealing to a much

larger audience than his former writings, and one in which there has been an excellent opportunity to show his capacity as a literary man. I refer, of course, to "The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer, of Leipzig: 1752-1828." The publication of this work has been very long delayed, and even at the last moment unforeseen obstacles to its production have arisen, but it is now ready.

I had the pleasure, writes J. B. G., from London, of listening to an after-dinner speech by Lord Goschen, which was one of the happiest efforts of its kind it has ever been my good fortune to hear. The occasion was the Annual Dinner of the Whitefriars' Club,—a "circle" composed chiefly of authors and journalists,—at which Lord Goschen was the guest of honor. Among the "Friars" and their friends there were present Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. H. Holman Hunt, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. B. L. Farjeon, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Leonard Huxley. Next to Lord Goschen sat his publisher, Mr. John Murray; and the Chairman dwelt upon the interesting fact that while the chief guest's grandfather was publishing the works of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, etc., the most eminent of German poets and prosers of a hundred years ago, the grandfather and great-grandfather of Mr. Murray, were publishing the works of Byron, Scott, and other great lights of English literature. From the vigor, both physical and intellectual, which marked his informal address, no one would have guessed that the speaker was a man of two-and-seventy; and it would be putting it mildly to say that he easily held his own in taking up the challenge thrown down by Mr. Hall Caine, who, in proposing his health, animadverted on the incursions of statesmen into the realms of literature. In the course of his remarks Lord Goschen, while disavowing any literary quality for his previous publications, demonstrated very plainly his perfect right to engage in literary work. From his earliest youth he has been not only a lover of the muse, but something of a devotee as well, and the felicity of his phrases was such as only a literary man is capable of. His reminiscences went back even to his boyhood, and covered his career at Rugby and at Oxford. The only merit he claimed for his work on Foreign Exchanges was that it showed the workings of "an Oxford mind applied to city problems." From

John Stuart Mill he had learned the virtues of analysis. He had applied Mill's method to Mill's own work, he said, and while he admired Mill immensely, he by no means accepted all his conclusions. If any one wished to be driven almost to lunacy he advised him to tackle the problems of the incidence of taxation. He thought, however, that the application of the method of analysis, or separation, to the social and emotional questions which novelists have to treat would sometimes be greatly to the advantage of their work.

On the subject of men-of-letters in politics, Lord Goschen recalled one of the first speeches he had heard in the House of Commons. It was one of the last delivered there by Bulwer Lytton. The sonorous, well-balanced periods were delightful to the ear and entertaining to the mind. It was magnificent, but it was not politics. The same was true of Kinglake's orations in Parliament. Nor was Mill a success in the House of Commons. The scholar Fawcett, however, made his due impression there by the robustness and virility of his mind. Richard Monckton Milnes, the polished poet, was another Parliamentary failure, and even "the majestic sweetness and incandescent light" of Matthew Arnold would not have made him a successful speaker. On the other hand, Lecky, Morley, Birrell, and a few other men-of-letters of the present day are able to catch not only the eye of the Speaker, but the ear of the House. "Perhaps," he continued, "Sir Gilbert Parker will some day confide to you whether the thrill of a successful novel falls short of, or is surpassed by, the rapture of a successful speech."

The opening paragraph of the preface to the life of Goschen gives the reader some conception of the extreme interest the book must possess for all lovers of literature and the literary life:

In presenting to the public a life of my grandfather, Georg Joachim Goschen, a German pub-

lisher of a hundred years ago, I am well aware that I am embarking on a bold and hazardous venture. A man of striking originality, of irrepressible energy, of great intellectual powers, and of fortunes so varied that he rose from the position of a destitute orphan boy to the summit of fame in his craft as a publisher and printer, the friend and counsellor of far-famed writers, to be brought down, under the crushing pressure of wars and political convulsions, to the verge of ruin—might not in himself evoke adequate interest among the readers of a later century, saturated with contemporary biographies. But my grandfather lived amongst remarkable men, in remarkable times. He was in close touch with the greatest heroes of the Golden Age of German literature.



Some time ago a well-informed British writer asserted with some show of authority that George Meredith would never allow himself to be interviewed. This gentleman referred to the series of "Real Conversations" that Mr. William Archer was having with certain distinguished authors, and said with much emphasis that we would never find Mr. Meredith in that series. Mr. Meredith, by allowing himself to be interviewed for the *Manchester Guardian*, has proved the fallacy of cock-suredness. In an interview, which covers three columns of that able journal, he discusses not only affairs, but men, and the London dailies have quoted from and commented on the article at great length. They seem to think it not a little strange that such an inspiring and common-sense message on imperial politics should have come "from the literary recluse of Box Hill, the man who has, so to speak, been out of the turmoil of the world for many years and only looks on at the strife from the isolation of old age and a quiet life."

Mr. Meredith's message is to the country at large and touches most of the questions that are, and that will be, of importance to the Empire.

On the subject of education he said:

Take education, for instance. I trust that ultimately (at present, I admit, it does not seem as though we can look for it to come speedily)—but I hope that ultimately we shall be able to take teach-

ing out of the hands of the clergy, and that we shall be able to instruct the clergy in the fact that Christianity is a spiritual religion and not one that is to be governed by material conditions. A spiritual God I most perfectly believe in. I have that belief constantly before me—I feel it within me; but a material God that interferes in material, mortal affairs I have never seen, and that I don't mind anybody knowing; and it is, I am sorry to say, for the material God that the clergy seem to be striving. . . .

The Liberal party is the only party of the two that can take a step forward. It is in not seeing this that the Conservatives are in such deadly error. They never move except through a force, not of themselves but behind them. And there is no great credit in that; it is a mere compliance with a painful necessity. . . .

Then he touches upon men. He thinks

very highly of Lord Rosebery's general ability, of the power of his personality, and of his political ability—especially in the foreign domain. A very good man he is in many ways, though I think he did mischief a short time ago. . . . But he is essentially a man to tread the path of statesmanship, though I think that there is one thing to be said against him as a Liberal leader, and that is that he is too sensitive to criticism—a fatal defect in a man who aspires to the intimacies that are necessary between a leader and a party. He is at times, indeed, keenly sensitive to criticism, but he shows it by a quick relapse into an exaggerated and, for a party leader, an impossible indifference. He is inclined every now and then to feel that he is being roughly handled and to throw up the sponge and retire in dudgeon. That cannot be if he is to come into contact with a democratic party and control it. His temperament, and, indeed, his abilities, are better suited when concerned with the amenities and dexterities of diplomacy. But he is undoubtedly a great orator, with an imagination of rich colors and thoroughly imbued in patriotism. Still I think it was a mistake on his part—and on the part of any man who wishes to be leading the Liberal party—to make a breach with the Irish. . . .

From the way that Mr. Meredith urges the Liberal party on, one might almost describe him as a "Liberal Whip." So far as I know, he has never been in politics, and "Beauchamp's Career" is the nearest he ever came to writing a political novel.

In concluding his interview, Mr. Meredith said:

I suppose I should regard myself as getting old—I am seventy-four. But I do not feel to be growing old either in heart or mind. I still look on life with a young man's eye. I have always hoped I should not grow old as some do—with a palsied intellect, living backwards, regarding other people as anachronisms because they themselves have lived on into other times and left their sympathies behind them with their years.

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In the death of Andrew C. Wheeler, on the 10th of March last, *THE CRITIC* loses one of its most valued contributors. This will surprise the readers of *THE CRITIC* because they have never seen the name of Andrew C. Wheeler signed to any article in its pages, nor have they seen the pen name "Nym Crinkle," under which he is known to have written for many years. They have, however, seen his other pen name, "J. P. Mowbray," signed to some of the most brilliant essays that *THE CRITIC* has ever printed. Mr. Wheeler was sixty-eight years old at the time of his death, but mentally he was never more active in his life. Physically, he was handicapped. His health was not particularly good and he had almost lost the sight of one eye. The story of Mr. Wheeler's life is really the story of a reincarnation. As A. C. Wheeler he had written nothing of moment for fifteen years. He had been one of the most active journalists in New York in his early manhood, but some years ago retired to the little country town of Monsey, on the Harlem Railroad, and there his first wife died about sixteen years ago. A few years later he married a young woman of the neighborhood. She was more than twenty years his junior, and it was after his marriage to her that he seems to have been reincarnated. It was then that he wrote over the name of "J. P. Mowbray," taking part of her maiden name, Jennie P. Mowbray, as his pen name. The first articles to attract attention over the initials "J. P. M." were the "Journey to Nature" papers, published in the *Evening Post*, and later in book

form. Since the publication of that book, about two years ago, he has published, still as "J. P. Mowbray," "The Making of a Country Home," and "Tangled Up in Beulah Land." His publishers, Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., have a new novel from his pen called "The Conquering of Kate," which will be published in April.

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As "Nym Crinkle" Mr. Wheeler was the best-known dramatic critic of his day in New York, that is, from twenty to thirty years ago. He was also the musical critic of the *World* in the days when W. H. Hurlbert was the editor, but the drama was his specialty, and while he was engaged in the work of dramatic criticism I doubt if there was a play produced in New York that he did not see. He knew the literature of the drama and the technicalities of the stage as few dramatic critics know them. Of course he wrote plays, but they were not particularly successful, though some of the plays on which he is said to have collaborated have been extremely popular. Some time before his death he made a play out of "Tangled Up in Beulah Land," which has been accepted and will be produced in the fall. Curiously enough, none of his work as A. C. Wheeler or "Nym Crinkle" will live. It is as "J. P. Mowbray" that he will be remembered, for his best work was done over that name, and it was as "J. P. Mowbray" that he received the recognition that brought satisfaction and content to the last years of his life. As A. C. Wheeler he published a number of novels, but while they were cleverly written they had little of the literary quality that belonged to his "J. P. Mowbray" work. Mr. Wheeler's knowledge of men, of literature, and of life was exceptionally keen and penetrating. One need go no further than the essays he wrote for *THE CRITIC*, "The Higher Hysterics" and "The Apotheosis of Henry James," to name only two, to be convinced of his remarkable perception and keen wit.



Life Outdoors and its Effect upon Literature

By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

THE phoebe has long since come to her hereditary building site in the porch corner, anxiously examining the remains of last year's nest, gauging the fragments with keen eye, talking softly to herself the while as if calculating the exact amount of flooring and bedding necessary to re-establish her home.

Up from the wild grass fields comes the sibilant warbling of fox sparrows, making an accompaniment to the call of the meadowlark. Down among the matted reed beds, where the arums huddle in groups and the redwing bugles, the jovial little hylas are giving the *encore* of their spring laughing song, for the Life Outdoors has begun, and in spite of bare hedges and snow patches the wands of willow—the first tree to wear, the last to drop, its leaves—wave bravely toward the sky.

Within the home the tables and desk are littered by alluring catalogues of seeds, plants, bulbs, and garden tools. Black-birch catkins in a tall pottery jar sift their golden dust into the sunbeams, hepaticas, bloodroot, and the first white violets are gathered in a green glass bowl, and hidden in wet moss lie a few trailing sprays of blushing arbutus.

The wood fire, smouldering lazily, sends forth a sudden tongue of flame, born of the sunshine of past summers, and the lithe young figure sewing in the low chair near it looks up eagerly. What are her fingers fashioning—dainty frills, embroidery? No, they are turn-

ing the wide hem of a substantial ankle-length outing skirt and, as a faint call strikes her ear, she drops her work upon the floor and raises the window in time to see the phoebe courtesy into the air by way of greeting and *au revoir*. Surely here in America the Life Outdoors has suddenly invaded the life within and drawn it to itself!

We have not always been a Nature-loving people, for if we had, it would have been reflected earlier in our literature and art. The colonists had too severe a hand-to-hand struggle with Nature's ruder elements to stand back from them and get the perspective necessary for the enjoyment of its beauties. The earlier writings were mere inventories, and the values given were of food and meat, not loveliness. We had the explorer, the trapper, and the hunter,—in fact I believe that with man as with other animals the primary instinct is to hunt, and so the distinction between the hunter for pelt and food and the hunter for sport is often only one of degree.

For a hundred years past the well-to-do dwellers in cities have had country places more or less remote, to which they retired for change and relaxation, but the impulse to seek Nature pure and simple, even if it was felt by individuals, had no general leavening force and left no impress.

In early times, when the country looked toward New England for its intellectual stimulus, Nature, one might

say, was held in abhorrence. The very backbone of the Puritan cult being that Nature and depravity were interchangeable terms, there could be no hope of an understanding until the ice of prejudice was melted by the gradual thaw, neutralized and finally swept away by the middle-century flood of transcendentalism that broke down the barriers and allowed people to come face to face with Nature and understand what she really means.

By the way, why is Nature always spoken of as feminine—Mother Nature—which indicates the incomplete, the partial? Nature is one and indivisible, the eternal male and female, the teacher whose rule no one may gainsay; who is unchangeable, save through evolution of type, no matter how much humanity and its view-point may alter; the sociologist whose arguments no one can refute, whose penalties no one can alter, for the Creator has bestowed upon His agent limitless power within its own domain, and it is at once adorable and pitiless.

Always excepting the poets, who ever in spirit live the Life Outdoors, our first authors were sermonists and historians, our first artists portrait makers, public sentiment, more than environment, doubtless guiding their choice. Audubon was the firstborn American to approach Nature for her own sake, with brush and pen. Durand did not turn to landscape painting until he had been for some time an engraver, and it was not until Thomas Cole failed as an itinerant painter of portraits that he turned to landscape work, perhaps learning in his wanderings for the first time what American Nature had to offer Art.

It is many years since, when N. P. Willis, seeking health in the valley of the Susquehanna, wrote "Letters from under a Bridge." Emerson's essay on Nature was published about this time; and ten years were to elapse before Thoreau in 1849 bid his countrymen to what Lowell called "his water party," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers."

This book marked an era; it was the first clear, decisive call to man to lead

the Life Outdoors; it was not written in answer to any demand or need of man in general, but expressed the emotions felt by Thoreau in abandoning the artificial. And though this utterance from its overweight of quotation and comparison lacks the intrinsic value of his later work, it still remains our first example of Nature literature pure and simple.

That this book was to create the outdoor stimulus and was in no wise an answer to it, is proven by the facts of its publication. Thoreau sent the manuscript to several New York publishers, who praised its quality but declined to issue it except at his expense, and it was finally published in Boston in 1849, the author paying the cost and saddling himself with a sorry debt thereby. But 220 copies were sold during four years!

Can better evidence be given for the lack of understanding of Nature fifty years ago? True, Thoreau did not regret the fact, but considered it more inspiring and better for his improvement than if thousands had bought his book, for it gave him "greater freedom and privacy." There is food in this attitude of his for all of us who write, especially upon Nature,—a morsel of advice that will bear chewing to the end in quiet cow-like seclusion.

That wonderfully talented group of people who started the Brook Farm movement, which was in a way an attempt to lead a simpler life, if not exactly the Life Outdoors, failed largely because they went at it wrong end foremost, did not take Nature into their confidence, and were not prepared for the conditions they created. It is said that the attempt was brought to an end by the untimely freezing up of the brook that supplied the farm with water!

We know better than that now; we look to the water supply first that we may neither go thirsty nor drink drainage, and then we compose ourselves for enjoyment of the sky and trees safe from the danger of being incubators of typhoid. The present great awakening of the people facing eastward and watching the rising sun is of course a

reaction from the intense contraction and brain worry of city life, a striving against artificial conditions, and the wonderful annual pilgrimage to the Life Outdoors is a movement of the greatest importance to all America to-day in securing the perpetuity of the race through the betterment of physical health and mental energy.

That this crusade should have its impulse and rise at the time of the greatest financial prosperity and consequently highest nervous tension that the country has ever known, is fresh proof of the continued presence of the adjusting balance wheel. It is not a "going back to Nature" as it is often called, for any backward movement is to be deplored; not a relapse to insensate savagery, but a stepping forward, with keen understanding eyes and outstretched hands, to meet Nature upon the higher plane of the desire of perfect mental and physical understanding.

Many pens and voices preached the new order. Burroughs was its recording secretary and Hamilton Gibson its noble exponent with both brush and pen, while dry-plate photography stepped in just in time to be recording angel of the almost unbelievable.

This new and wholesome attitude is in itself an appeal—a public appeal from the multitude who do not know, to the few who do, ~~on~~ think they do, for information, so that this condition has within the past ten years opened an entirely new field for authors, and been productive not only of much interesting and instructive reading-matter but a great deal that must take a permanent rank as literature.

Up to about 1890, however, it was well-nigh impossible to obtain any inexpensive handbooks upon birds, flowers, trees, stars, or any other of the objects that set the Nature lover's mind at work, that were at once accurate and yet written in a style suited to popular comprehension. The closet scientists shrugged their shoulders and said, "You have your botanys, ornithologies, charts, etc., work your way out, you lack industry," but some were wiser and relented and joined their knowledge with the spontaneous free-

dom of expression belonging to the non-scientific, and behold "The How to Know Nature" school of writers was inaugurated and its success has been as tremendous as the output has been somewhat overpowering.

The new order has also developed and is being developed by two distinct schools of Nature Study: through that which for lack of a better name we may call economic humanity, the preservation of Nature, that we may still have it to enjoy and no type may prematurely perish; and the more ethical one of viewing the wild from its own point of view, which Kipling approached from the man's point in the Jungle Books and Thompson-Seton from within in "Wild Animals I Have Known." Of the latter writer it may be said as of Frederick II. of Swabia, the royal naturalist who was five hundred years ahead of his times, "he observes with his *own* eyes and draws judicious conclusions."

Now by the very nature of the revolt that does away with the hard and fast scientific boundaries and bids all welcome who have anything to say and words wherein to say it. There are originators and there are imitators. There are discoverers and there are guessers, there are seers and there are braggarts. That a distinct line should be drawn between these classes is of the greatest importance to those who wish "to know."

There are public censors of history and of all branches of exact science, but in that wide field of so-called Nature Study, holding sway in school as well as out, and embracing pretty much everything from the simplest fact to profound psychological theories of animal intelligence and transmigration, there seem to be as yet no authoritative and unprejudiced critics to separate sheep from goats.

Perhaps the Nature Study movement is too new and the creative expression too active, for there is a theory that the cult of pure criticism flourishes best when creative literature is in abeyance, which is not the present case with Nature books, for they are in full force even creating new fact-fantasies that if

they are to be taken seriously should be seriously criticised.

Every spring the voice of the wailer is heard in the editorial rooms—more Nature books. Why not, pray? For how many centuries have the mysteries of the Human Heart received constant expression? Why then should not the great Heart of Nature, upon which everything else must rest, receive its due?

"Yes, that is all very well," says the editor, who is dividing the new crop among the various reviewers, "but it is so difficult to classify them and put them in hands competent to differentiate between the bad and the merely indifferent, for in no branch of literature perhaps is the supply so uneven and various. The purely sporting book, the gardening manual, etc., are easily disposed of, but all the others?"

"After the first rush came the tendency, with people who think it's clever to write but have n't much to say, to undertake the compilation of a certain class of Nature writing, just as there was a period when rural parents with sons too weak for farming concluded they were predestined for the ministry—the results being equally direful. I think the Publishers' Association should found a scholarship of Nature-Book criticism, at the very least."

This is all very true, but at the same time the demand coming from every class in the community the supply must be equally catholic. The idealist may not tolerate the work of the mere reporter, who goes out to make copy and invades Nature as it were. Neither will the shop-girl riding out on her wheel of a Sunday be anything but repelled if forced to read Thoreau's meditations by Walden pond.

There is one school of writing, however, born of the recent pilgrimage to the Life Outdoors which is fraught with danger, in that it tends to provoke the ridicule of the thinking and well-informed, inside the rank of pil-

grims as well as of outside scoffers.

This might be called the School of the Long Bow, the literature of the braggart, its system and fault being the jumping at conclusions by inference and proclaiming general facts from single instances, after the fashion of the old catch logic—John is a man; John lies; *ergo*, all men are liars.

This sort of Nature writing, born not, as it assumes, of personal observation but of fluent speech and the impulse to do the real the "one better" that makes it unique even if unreal, is pernicious in the extreme, especially to the younger and more impressionable pilgrims, because it is a destroyer of values, and one of the greatest benefits of the Life Outdoors is its perfect balance.

But why worry—all the world is afield; some will gather wild roses, some mushrooms; and some in spite of all warnings will trim their hats with poison ivy; the fact that they are out of doors is the great thing; once being there they will never again dumbly and contentedly remain inside, any more than they will ever abandon shirtwaists and short skirts.

As to the books, let them come, good, bad, and indifferent, the survival will be only for the truest, because in the end they will be found the fittest. Also we should hesitate to brand deductions as untrue because they are not within the range of our own experiences. This attitude stamps the critic as a clock that has stopped. Sensationalism is a fungus of the early morning that appears in the generously fertilized flower-beds of all branches of literature and is generally dispelled by the sun long before noon. Besides, the discovery of an evil often works its cure as well as that of others. Think you that Diogenes would have so vociferously gone about with a lantern at mid-day to find an honest man, if his own father had not been caught debasing the coin of the realm?



Frederik van Eeden and "The Deeps of Deliverance"

By LEONARD CHARLES VAN NOPPEN

MARGARET ROBINSON'S excellent translation of Dr. van Eeden's psychological novel "The Deeps of Deliverance"* should find no lack of readers among those who discriminate in their choice of fiction. To many it will give a first glimpse into a literature of which too little is known in America. Also it will reveal an interesting phase of the many-sided personality of the most distinguished of modern Dutch writers.

Frederik van Eeden, who is still a young man—he was born in 1860—first became known to the English-speaking world through his "Kleine Johannes," that charming allegory which is perhaps the most popular book published in Holland during the last fifty years.

This story—which reminds one of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell"—first appeared in the *Nieuwe Gids* magazine in the days when van Eeden and his friends, Kloos, van Deyssel, and Verwey undertook to found a new literature. To this revolutionary movement Holland owes several remarkable poems, and also some novels of no mean significance. Among these the productions of van Eeden are easily the most popular. Kloos, it is true, far surpasses him in the sonnet. Verwey is more virile and more dramatic, while van Deyssel is his master in criticism; but van Eeden is universal, and that lifts him above comparison with his Dutch contemporaries. As with George Meredith, his philosophy has been eclectically evolved through a graduated system. When van Eeden severed his connection with the *Nieuwe Gids*, in 1890, he announced his plan of producing twelve works, which were to represent his interpretation of life. Already six of these have been published, "The Deeps of Deliverance" being the last. Here, then, we approach a writer whose cumulative philosophy

is but half expressed, and yet so much is known that of it, even now, we may predicate the rare quality of universality. But this philosopher is no mere theorist. When I visited Dr. van Eeden in Holland last year I was somewhat surprised to find that since my first meeting with him, six years before, he had entered the lists as a social reformer. He has thought his feelings into a principle which he tries to live. Only lately he has founded an agricultural colony which he calls Walden, after Thoreau. This he means to be the ideal community, where he and his followers shall live the principles so poetically wrought into his writings. It is the experiment of Brook Farm over again. Here each man shall have the opportunity to work out the best that is in him. Here each by labor may learn to attain his highest self. The community at present numbers forty souls, of whom each must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Most of the members are people of culture: artists, architects and business men, who, disgusted with the conventions of civilization, would seek here that peace which is not to be found in cities. The founder labors with the rest, and any day may be seen, like Tolstoy, working in the fields.

In the works of this writer synthesis has preceded analysis, and poetry came before prose. The "Kleine Johannes" is a prose poem and depicts the searcher after truth. The "Johannes Viator" is the story of a pilgrimage, and shows the application of the truth when discovered. It has been called "the Bible of a universal religion." "The Ellen," that tragedy of tears, is a self-discovery. It is a poetic synthesis of sorrow just as "The Deeps of Deliverance" is the prose analysis of suffering. All of these productions, with the exception of the last, are part of what Verwey calls van Eeden's system of "Christian

* "The Deeps of Deliverance." By Frederik van Eeden. Putnam. \$1.20.

Mysticism." But in "The Deep of Deliverance" we recognize at once a departure. In this book the philosopher proceeds to expose the minute machinery of mind. The synthetical mystic for the first time lays bare the soul to the knife of the analyst. There is in this study, no doubt, less of that beauty which has made the author famous as a poet, but perhaps, after all, there is more of that truth which shall stamp him as a scientist. He shows us the soul of Hedwig de Fontayne under the scalpel. With him we shall trace a temperament through the tortuous trouble of life, and the conclusion shall convince us that there is a virtue in the vivisection. The story is that of an exquisite young girl of good family whose exceeding refinement is her very curse. Lacking utterly that normal power of coarser natures to resist, she becomes a prey to doubt, and, bewildered in a maze of motives, drifts slowly to despair. To escape what Sir Thomas Browne somewhere calls "the rigor of realities," she seeks refuge in dreams. She would fly to the ideal, but is weighed down with the consciousness of things as they are. Her days are a sad search for ecstasy; her nights a weariness of remorse. Thus, life at last seems but a lull between two nothings, and it ceases to be an ennui only when it has become a *Via Dolorosa*. It is because she feels so much that Hedwig can do so little. She believes she can believe nothing except that she believes nothing, and this is the reason that she can grasp no conviction that shall steer her into definite ways. She lives on a peak of isolation, sundered from sympathy with her kind. The world to her presents but one problem, and that is herself. But think not that she shall escape the penalty of her egoism. The abnormal soul shall suffer, for its metal attracts the constant attrition of nature, whose purpose it is to reduce us all to one uniform type. She must be taught to subordinate her individual desires to the universal will. But for such resignation she is not ready till she realizes that sin is the suicide of the soul. Thus through suffering she shall learn

her lesson that she can find her true self only when she has lost herself in others.

Hedwig is a soul entranced in introspection, murdered by marauding emotions. She is a slave to her senses, a martyr to her moods. How shall she forget this insistent self that makes her life a conscious death? Only by living for others, teaches the author. Only he who works for the world is truly normal, for the normal means the absorption of the part in the whole, of the individual in the universal. And one so absorbed shall forget his particular pain in the general good. Here is an impressionism worth impressing. It is a sunshine woven of shadows—an art that not even Thomas Hardy has yet been able to achieve.

So, by daily renunciation, shall Hedwig grow to gradual resistance until at last she shall even dare to resolve. From the deepest depths of degradation, where she has lost her will, she shall be delivered into that salvation which is harmony with God and nature. Only when she renounces the personal pleasure that becomes universal pain shall she attain the peace that defies analysis. If this be pessimism let us have more of it.

Also the other characters of this interesting novel are admirably conceived to bring out the evil and the good latent in the heart of the heroine. It is the old theme of environment shaping a soul, but the treatment makes for a new and unforeseen result,—the voluntary surrender of the identity or personal self to the universal self. Thus at last the soul shall develop a strength sufficient to shape an environment suited to its need, and it is at this point that the novelist ceases to be merely psychological and becomes the constructive philosopher. Here is your modern Buddhist; but this need occasion no surprise. Long ago van Deyssel discovered the key to van Eeden's mysticism in the "Vedanta"; and, to the reader of his poetry, it is obvious that he is a profound student of the Eastern occult. Unlike the scheme of Zola, moreover there is here no harking back to heredity. Hedwig's nature is simply accepted as a

working premise—a fundamental and not unusual fact. It is not through her antecedents that we grow to an appreciation of the complicated character of the heroine. It is rather from the girl herself that we are enabled to guess at her problem-compelling ancestry. While the author finds it necessary to conduct us through three hundred pages of unpalatable truths, it is a tribute to his art to admit that the end justifies the means. "The truth—the ugly truth," wrote Stendhal-Beyle on the title-page of "*Rouge et Noir*," and here is ugly truth for you. Yet, van Eeden who, like Balzac, might subscribe himself "Doctor of Social Sciences," shall end his "French Study" like an Anglo-Saxon. It is thus evident that he has given us something new. But out of what profound consciousness did the author dip the secret of a woman's soul? He nowhere proves himself more the philosopher than here where so convincingly he reveals the reason for his faith in the eternal feminine. What he would of woman he makes plain like an artist—with luminous strokes. Nor does he wax cynical and unmask the Madonna only to disillusion with the leer of the courtesan. He shall leave this woman as sacred as he has found her—her halo all untarnished, though her life be sadly stained. In man he discovers the definite fact; in woman he finds definite only the indefinite. Man is God's first guess at himself; woman is God still guessing!

Thus he deals tenderly with Hedwig, but never does he pet her darling sin. There is here neither that avoidance of vice which is the lowest virtue, nor that avoidance of virtue which is the supreme vice. He shall give us vices only because he can think no virtue without them, but he shall present them like nature's naked facts, unvarnished and unplanned.

In method van Eeden somewhat re-

minds one here of Bourget's microscopic care in "*Mensonges*." Indeed, the saving solace of Sister Paula differs only in words from the white wisdom of the Abbé Taconet; but, unlike "*Mensonges*" "*The Deeps of Deliverance*" leaves no bad taste in the mouth. In the delineation of the two heroines, Suzanna and Hedwig, you shall discover the difference between the French artist and the Dutch philosopher. The former degrades with a living lie, the latter exalts with a dying truth. The one breathes out the malodorous miasma of a surfeited sin; the other exhales the luminous fragrance of a bruised beatitude. Bourget, as a rule, shall stop short at the disappointment where he has disillusioned you; and there he leaves you hungering for hope. Van Eeden is more constructive. He shall lift us from our disillusion to the satisfying truth.

His novel is therefore no mere chronicle of crimes against society. While painting life as it is, it also shows us what it can and should be. Though the poet here resorts to the realism of a Flaubert yet is he not content to stop there. For he clothes the nude fact with the passionate piety of his ancient countryman, Thomas à Kempis. He dissects like a scientist, but he reconstructs like a philosopher. "*The Deeps of Deliverance*" is a "*Madam Bovary*" divested of its unchaste enchantments and made progressively subservient to virtue. The moralist, therefore, need not look askance. He shall recognize here a gracious agreement with the traditions of our race. The author neither angles for glory with the glow-worms of rhetoric nor overrides you with an unreasonable reason. He makes no effort either to dazzle or to convince. But he who takes up this book will not lay it down until he has finished it, and also, I believe, he will find himself wiser and better for the reading.



adv.
Brooklyn Eagle - Friday & Saturday
Dec 23, 24th

same adv in Brooklyn City News
and in Brooklyn Daily Times

small type
at head of
adv.

"Two together,
Winds blow south, or winds blow north
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together."

Walt Whitman, after two years silence,
gives a new poem to the public this week.
It is called "A Child's Reminiscence" and
appears in the
Saturday Press for Dec. 24th

For sale at all the Brooklyn News Depots.
Price 4 cents.

ADVERTISEMENT OF "A CHILD'S REMINISCENCE," WRITTEN BY WALT WHITMAN FOR THE "BROOKLYN EAGLE"

A Poet's Library

By CAROLYN SHIPMAN

THERE is something pathetic in the recent gift by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard of a part of his library to the Authors' Club. He has buried his son, and recently his wife, and now, in the old house in East Fifteenth Street, while he awaits the summons that will call him to his dearly beloved, he gives up these precious friends of many years into others' keeping. His twilight days are occupied with the choice of material for his bequest to the Club with which he has been associated for fifteen years. The title of every book has been read to him for his final decision, so that each detail of the work has received his personal attention.

Many treasures are here for which the world of individual book collectors may well sigh; yet, as one looks around the bookish rooms of the Authors' Club, and across the roofs of the buildings between Carnegie Hall and the

Hudson, into the early spring sky of New York,—“the most beautiful the world over; not even in Italy can one find better skies,” to quote that artist in color and in words, the creator of “Oliver Horn,”—one is bound to confess that the spot selected by Mr. Stoddard for the final resting-place of his treasures is well chosen. Here they are among assured friends, who will love them not only for their intrinsic value, but for their association during so many years with the present Dean of American Letters in New York.

The original library was so large that the material now in the Authors' Club is hardly missed from the shelves throughout the house; yet only a portion of the collection could be shown February 26th, 27th, and 28th, for lack of space. Four show-cases in the library of the Club contained manuscripts, letters, and copies of the poet's

own works. Through the centre of the long room and near the windows were three more rows of cases, containing the rare books and a few manuscripts and letters. One entire book-

Stoddard,—enough to make a small volume, and all unpublished.

The collection is eminently that of a book-lover rather than of a collector, of one who cares more for the contents

Some improvements in the general appearance of the magazine, & above all, to get rid of the gewgawery which now infects it.

If I do not get the app^t I should not be surprised if I joined Foster in the establishment of a Mag. in New-York. He has made me an offer to join him. I suppose you know that he now edits the "Aurora".

Touching your poem. Should you publish it, Foster offers the best facilities—but I feel sure that you will get no publisher to print it, except on your own account. Reason—Copy-Right Laws. However, were I in your place, and could contrive it in any way, I would print it at my own expense—of course without reference to emolument, which is not to be hoped: It would make only a small volume, & the cost of publishing it even in such style as Hoffman's last poems, would not be much, absolutely should be handsomely printed or not at all.

When is Rob. Tyler to issue his promised poem?

Have you seen how Benjamin & Tarister have been plugging their kenny cats with each other? I have always told Graham that Tarister stole every thing, worth reading, which he offered for sale.

What is it about Ingraham? He has done for himself, in the opinion of all honest men, by his chicaneries.

I am happy to say that Virginia's health has slightly improved & her spirits are proportionably good. Perhaps all will yet go well. Write soon & believe me ever your true friend

Edgar A. Poe

THIRD PAGE OF LETTER FROM POE TO F. W. THOMAS, DATED PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 12, 1842

case held the remaining portion of the collection not stored in the safe. Even a careful selection of specimens for exhibition, however, omitted very many interesting letters and manuscripts, among them a large amount of correspondence from Edwin Booth to Mr.

of a volume than for its bibliographical value. The collector, for example, would not rest satisfied with a copy of the Earl of Stirling's "Recreations of the Muses," 1637; Donne's "Letters," 1651, or Milton's "Poems," 1645, without the portraits; neither could he

tolerate a traced title-page for Wither's "Abuses Stript," 1613. But these details, together with cropped headlines, and rotting covers or none at all, do not seriously mar the pleasure of the reader, who derives much satisfaction

Perhaps one of the most vital collections of books, etc., possible is that relating to people,—biographies, autobiographies, memoirs, original manuscripts, letters, portraits, presentation copies. To a large degree this library

40
engaged Sikes propping the chair

"Yes I am Dick," replied the young lady dis-
missing of its contents: "and tried enough I
of it, I am, too. The young lady knew ill and
confined to the crib, and —"

~~with~~ "Oh honey dear!" said Fagin
looking up.

How a letter a peculiar contraction of
~~his~~ red eye-brow and a half-closing
of his deeply set eyes warned Miss Honey
that she was disposed to be too com-
municative is not a matter of much
importance. The fact is all we need
care for ~~now~~ here, and the fact is
that she suddenly checked herself, and
with several previous smiles upon her
Sikes, turned the conversation upon
other matters. In about ten minutes
time Mr Fagin was seized with a
fit of coughing, upon which Miss Honey
pulled her shawl ~~over~~ ^{over} her shoulders,
and declared it was time ~~off~~ ^{off}. Mr Sikes
— finding that he was ~~really~~ ^{really} ~~that~~ ^{that} a part

MS. PAGE OF "OLIVER TWIST"

from the mere fact that a book was printed in the sixteenth century and is in its original calf binding. Many of Mr. Stoddard's volumes are susceptible of restoration, but as they now stand a large number of them possess only sentimental interest.

is of such a nature,—a mass of human documents so rich in association and pedigree, that Scott and Dickens, Thackeray and the Brownings, Poe, Wordsworth, Cowper, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, and all the rest of that shadowy company of Immortals

R. H. Stoddard

The Shepherd of King Admetus.

Then came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were setting forth
Whistles to plough or reap or sow.

Upon an empty tattered shell
He stretched some chord, & drew
Music that each man's bosom felt
Forth, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

He gazed that his speech was wise,
Yet, when a Greek boy caught
Of his thin face & woman's eyes,
They laughed & called him god-for-naught.

But
Yet after he was dead & gone
And was his memory true,
Each man's man went to him again,
From folk of low, because of him

And by & by more help from
Each part when he had lived,
The after-fate only shows
That first-born brother as a god.
Written in 1881, & copied for R. H. Stoddard,
19th Nov. 1881. by H. Stoddard

FIRST AND FOURTH PAGES OF A TRANSCRIPT BY LOWELL OF HIS "SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS,"
FOR MR. STODDARD

seem to be leaning over one's shoulder in turn, as a letter from each one is read, and to prove beyond any possibility of doubt the truth of Personal Immortality, that is, the immortality of influence.

Here, for example, is a letter from

Robert Browning to A. S. Francis, the publisher who introduced Mrs. Browning to her American audience, referring to a portrait of her, herewith reproduced. It might easily have been written yesterday, so "recent" does it sound.

360. Please with your Mass you the house
And count instead plain common-sense
If any think that unprovoked
Please have satirized & jested.
I answer them whoever they be.
Begin, & deal the same with me
We petty ridicules in verse
Do ever make each other worse
By turning this license take & give.
365. The Muse's best prerogative.
This one allowed, then you & me
Great Rindler there's no unity.
But of my satire run uncount.
As ~~shown~~ by that foul monster, South
370. And you (some Bard!) are therefore vex'd,
Be quit — & praise me in your next.

Asmodeo

HALF OF SIXTH PAGE OF MS. OF "CLIO'S PROTEST," SIGNED BY
R. B. SHERIDAN, "ASMODEO."

LE HAVRE, Sept. 19, '58.
DEAR SIR,

You cannot fail, I am sure, to have charged me with inattention or remissness in replying to your letter of last year: but many unfortunate circumstances conspired to prevent my effecting the principal business of it, and procuring you a photograph of my wife. Here it is at last—a very satisfactory one, we all think, by Mr. Cyrus Macaire: she sat for it yesterday—or rather, for the original, of which I beg you to accept a repetition. The hideous libel which circulates in England and America as "engraved from a medallion," was taken five years ago, and there are some others of still earlier date. What you receive is the sun's simple

truth, without a hair's breadth of retouching. The original is a little more distinct in details—but an engraver will have no trouble, I suppose, in making them out by the copy: the corner of the mouth is darkened, and the space between the hair and chin looks more like a white rag of some sort than the mere blank that it should be; the right

One of the rarities is a page of the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist," with the accompanying letter from Dickens, signed in his characteristic way with many flourishes, and ending with an important postscript over the page.

J. R. Lowell

Cambridge, Sept 27. 1840

My dear friends,

I kept back the biography a short time in order to send it on by a private hand. It is not half so good as it ought to be, but it was written under many disadvantages, not the least of which was deprivation of spirits which unfit a man for anything. I wish you to make any suggestions about it that may occur to you, & to reject it entirely if you do not like it.

I have mentioned Chatterton in it rather too slightly—by which you be good enough to modify what I say, if him a little! His "Minstrel's Song in Ulla" is better than the rest of his writings.

You will find the package at No 1 Nassau St. It was entrusted to the care of C. F. Briggs. If his name is not upon the box, you will probably see the name of "Dougherty" or "Jones" at end, your friends

J. R. Lowell

LETTER FROM LOWELL TO POE

eye, too, is a black mass—Iris and pupil confused—and the hands are undefined. Still, the whole is a decided success, and the only approach to a likeness extant. Mr. Warnod, the artist, engages to transmit it to you by the "Fulton."

[Signed] Yours very faithfully,

ROBERT BROWNING.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

Sunday, July 19th, 1840.

DEAR SIR,

As I have not the complete MS of Oliver (I wish I had, as it would one day have an interest for my children) I am enabled to send you a scrap, in com-

adur nati in famulatu nati ergo domus huius indigne moratur
habundantiam huius affluet quod id facit quod ad fac
tine immuni pacis qd p suo mortali conge nificata huius
mulerula passa est.

Francisco petrarcha laureatus

h. llo

Fili mi ad te veni te q non responde ut amicus edes aut tue ab isto tes
tate passionato si eos tene ibi quia hi tota sua facie ut ultimare. Et si no
tens eos conere ut tu te tene et facit eos ibi. John-fili mi dillio ei ten
tate meo q si mone tua e elevi ad videri ista dei huius passionato. Vbi plac
ti. Et si n. si n. et reimpas a cultu a patre et reambula ois vno
passionato et am. istius do et huius passionati. Et si n. p. p. rege et re
thence n. eate dno sili et fere et re. Et si n. p. p. rege et re
dar eate fere et eate. Huius et si n. p. p. rege et re
tate suppositum n. apud te mudo. Huius et si n. p. p. rege et re
e ceptum. quia mudo e aut falsio et suppositum tui si. ista dno huius
passionato. Vbi quia videri ista dei huius passionato in pauper et pluri
et si n. p. p. rege et re. Et si n. p. p. rege et re
tate suppositum n. apud te mudo. Huius et si n. p. p. rege et re
e ceptum. quia mudo e aut falsio et suppositum tui si. ista dno huius
passionato. Vbi quia videri ista dei huius passionato in pauper et pluri
et si n. p. p. rege et re. Et si n. p. p. rege et re

PETRARCH MS. SIGNED

pliance with your request; and have much pleasure
in doing so.

Pray make my regards to your lady, and give her
from me the other little packet enclosed. It is the
first specimen of the kind I have parted with—ex-
cept to a hair-dresser—and will most likely be the
last, for if I were to be liberal in this respect, my
next portrait would certainly be that of a perfectly
bald gentleman.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

To Charles Edwards Lester.

P. S. I should tell you perhaps as a kind of
certificate of the Oliver scrap, that it is a portion
of the original and only draught—I never copy.

Two of the large portraits in the col-
lection are of Mr. Stoddard in early
manhood,—a poetical, Hawthornesque
likeness, and the familiar engraving of
Thackeray after Lawrence, signed by
Thackeray himself, and containing a
transcript by him of his poem, "The
Sorrrows of Werther."

The autograph
manuscripts include
Burns's "Contented
wi' Little," Southey's
"Jeanne d'Arc," one
page; Tennyson's
"Tears, Idle Tears,"
Mrs. Browning's
"Castruccio Castru-
ciani," Poe's "Sonnet
to Dante," Holmes's
"Last Leaf," a trans-
cript of "Abou ben
Adhem" made es-
pecially by Leigh
Hunt for Mr. Stod-
dard at the request of
"Barry Cornwall," that
author's "Mother's
Last Song," "Kings-
ley's "Last Buc-
caneer," Sheridan's
"Clio's Protest," eight
folio pages signed
"Asmodeo", the full
autograph manuscript
of Stedman's "Alice
of Monmouth," pre-
sented to Mr. Stod-
dard; an autograph
transcript of Lowell's
"Shepherd of King

Admetus," made for Mr. Stoddard;
Longfellow's "Haunted Houses," Em-
erson's "Humble Bee," and Bayard
Taylor's "Poems of the Orient," in-
cluding the famous "Bedouin Song."
These and many more.

The particular prize among the
books, to the donor's mind, is a copy
of the first edition of Henri Cornelius
Agrippa's "Of the Vanitie and Uncer-
taintie of Artes and Sciences, Englished
by Ja.[mes] Sa.[nford], Gent., 1569.
On the outer margin of the title-page
of this quarto is a faded signature,
which Mr. Stoddard affectionately be-
lieves to be that of the Bard of Strat-
ford. If this be true, then the book is
indeed a treasure, for only three or
four of Shakespeare's signatures are
known to be extant.

In certain moods one could almost
believe, too, that the name of "John
Milton" and the initials "J. M." were
traced by the poet himself on the titles

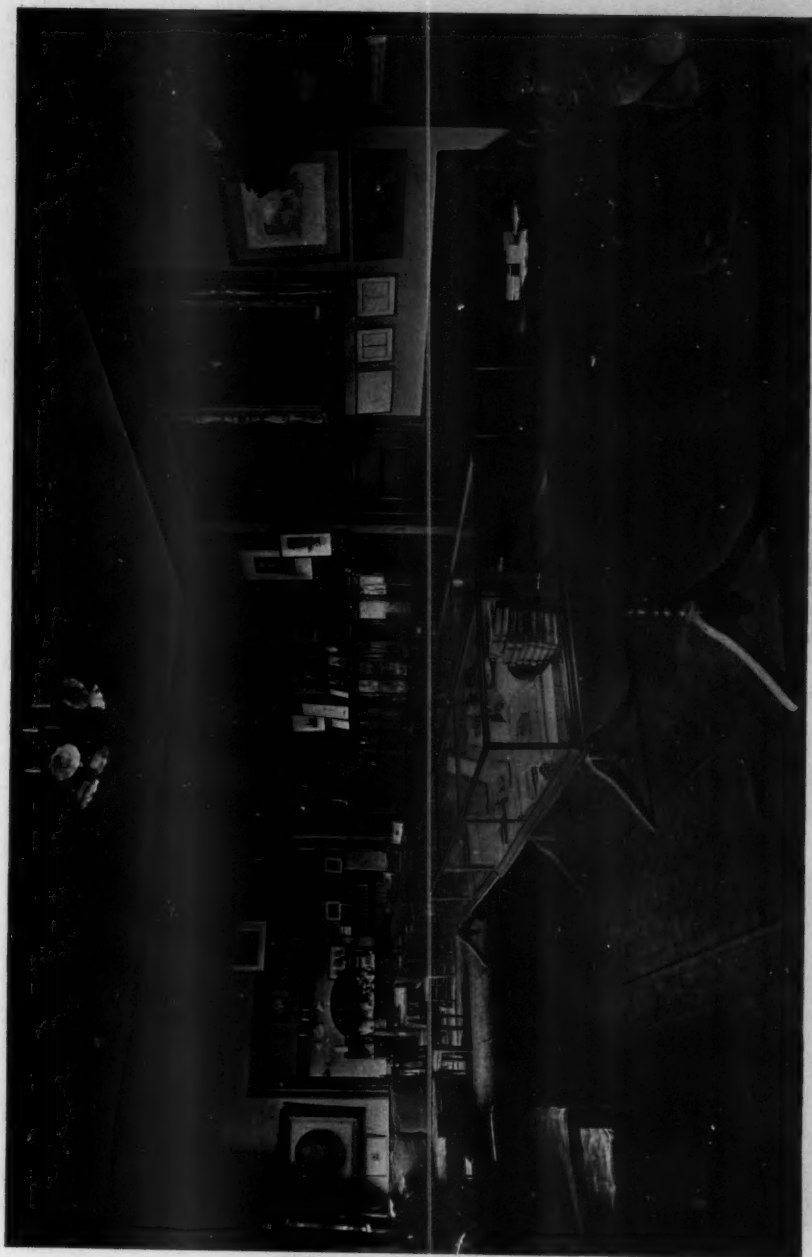
of two of the books in the collection. inscription, "John Keats, from his
Fewer doubts trouble in respect of a friend J.[ames] R.[ice], 20 April,



PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. BROWNING RETOUCHEE ACCORDING TO BROWNING'S DIRECTIONS

copy of Aleman's "Life of Guzman d'Alfarache," 1634. On the top margin of the title-page of this book is the

1818." Two pages contain the poet's marginalia and a third a pencilled caricature, probably of his friend Haydon.



THE AUTHOR'S CLUB
- 323



ORIGINAL DRAWING SIGNED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, SHOWING "CHRISTIAN PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH"

The pedigree of this book is further established by an accompanying autograph transcript of Mr. Stoddard's sonnet, "To the Immortal Memory of Keats," above which is written, "I obtained this treasure on the morning of January 15, 1878, wrote the sonnet below in the afternoon of that day and the morning of the next day. And the evening and the morning were the same day. R. H. S."

An enumeration longer than this by many more pages would give only an approximate idea of the literary value of the manuscripts and the wealth of self-revelation contained in the letters. The permanent catalogue, if it is ever made, will be only a slight index, so intimate is the knowledge conveyed by letters. To emphasize once more the

human interest, we transcribe one of Whitman's amusing advertisements of his poem, "A Child's Reminiscence," written on part of a sheet of paper, and preceded by directions to the printer:

Under notices—under editorial head
Saturday Press, Dec. 24

Walt Whitman's Poem.

Our readers may, if they choose, consider as our Christmas or New Year's present to them, the curious warble by Walt Whitman of "*A Child's Reminiscence*" on our first page. Like the "*Leaves of Grass*," the purport of this wild and plaintive song well-enveloped, and eluding definition, is positive and unquestionable, like the effect of music.

The piece will bear reading many times, perhaps indeed only comes forth, as from recesses, by many repetitions.





M. FÉLIX VALLOTTON
(After a photograph taken exclusively for
THE CRITIC by Sescou, Paris)



Photographed for THE CRITIC by

FÉLIX VALLOTTON IN HIS STUDIO

Sescau, Paris

FÉLIX VALLOTTON*

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Search where you may, choose what you will, there lurks at the bottom of all the world holds of beauty or sublimity a touch of the sardonic. It is the question mark which Satan places after every deed however noble, at the end of each life however divinely lived.



LITTLE minds have taken minute pains to discover that nothing definite is known concerning the advent of wood-engraving in Europe. They contend with unabashed serenity that the art

flourished in China, during the reign of We-wung, and was also practised in the dim days of Egyptian Thebes. Yet descending to recent times all is discord and dismay. Opinions actually clash upon the vital issue as to whether wood-engraving was introduced through Playing Cards

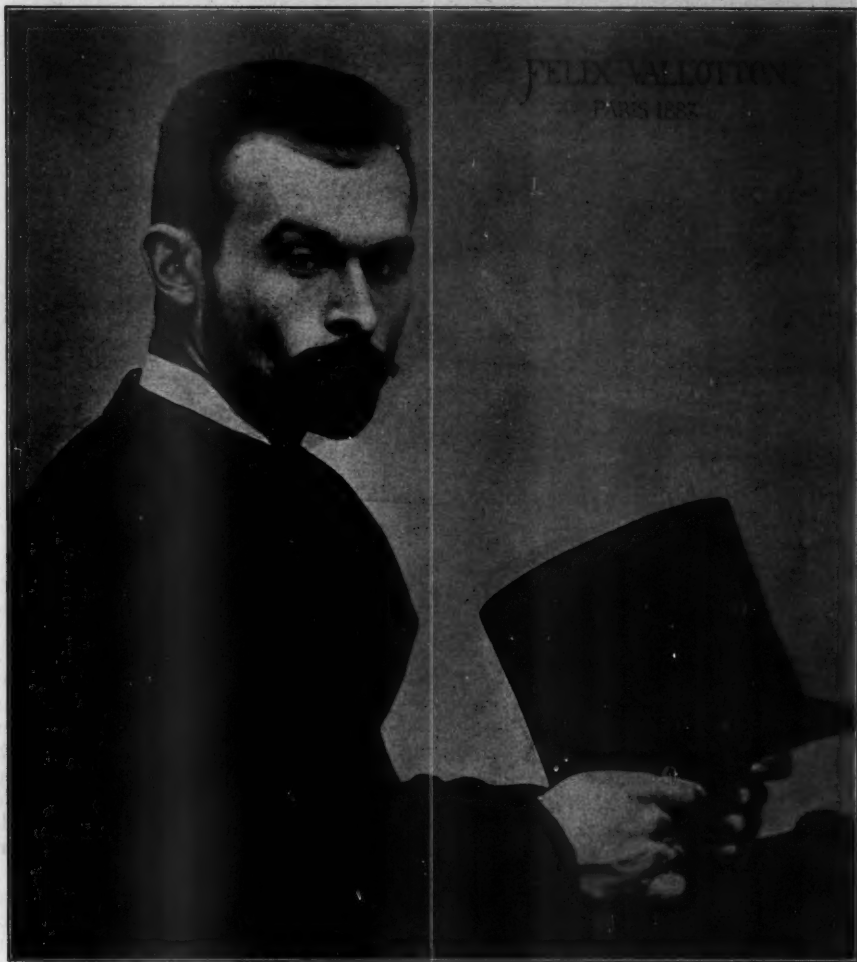
brought by the Saracens, or was invented by artist-monks with the pious intent of casting abroad *Heglen*, or Saint-Pictures. Indecision over such a point is indeed unseemly. Even in the face of fact it would be lamentable to admit that the beginnings of wood-engraving were of a social or convivial persuasion.

Casuistry aside, the art in its early phases was an intimate, personal expression of that simple faith which, in the twilight of the Middle Ages, faintly heralds both Renaissance and Reformation. Perhaps it strayed from the fabled East. Possibly it was born again under new skies, where in sombre Gothic towns the modern spirit throbbed, and where the dawning need to see and to know first wedded picture and text. Whatever its origins were, it

* This is the first comprehensive article to appear on the art of Félix Vallotton and is published with the full consent and courteous collaboration of Monsieur Vallotton. Further acknowledgments are due MM. Henri Chateau, J. Meier-Graefe, and Octave Uzanne, and for certain illustrations to M. Edmond Sagot, Paris, and Herr J. A. Stargardt, Berlin.

enriched the world with a quaint and definite beauty whose accents centuries of neglect could hardly obscure. It was but a step from crudely postured "Saint Christopher" to the Dutch or German "Block Books," and another

insidious softness of the copper plate. The line had begun to lose its initiate force and purity. During the seventeenth century wood-engraving became almost extinct, and in the eighteenth was confined to the trivialities of Papil-



Photographed for THE CRITIC by

THE LATE FÉLIX JASINSKI

Sescau, Paris

(After the hitherto unpublished portrait by Vallotton)

stride ushered in the masterful firmness of Dürer and the macaberesque evocations of Holbein. Yet the decline was already at hand, for with Altdorfer in Germany, and Troy and Salomon in France, came attempts to imitate the

lon. There was no place in the Grand Siècle or in the Siècle Gracieux for the frank directness of an art which had few nuances and could ill affect elegance. No real rustics were suffered to wander beneath the trees

which shaded the Hameau and the Petit Trianon.

The century which has just drawn to its close witnessed the further humilia-

of Tony Johannot, the dream kingdom of Doré, and the supple graces of Edmond Morin, but each spoke in terms foreign to the spirit of the medium.



Photographed for THE CRITIC by

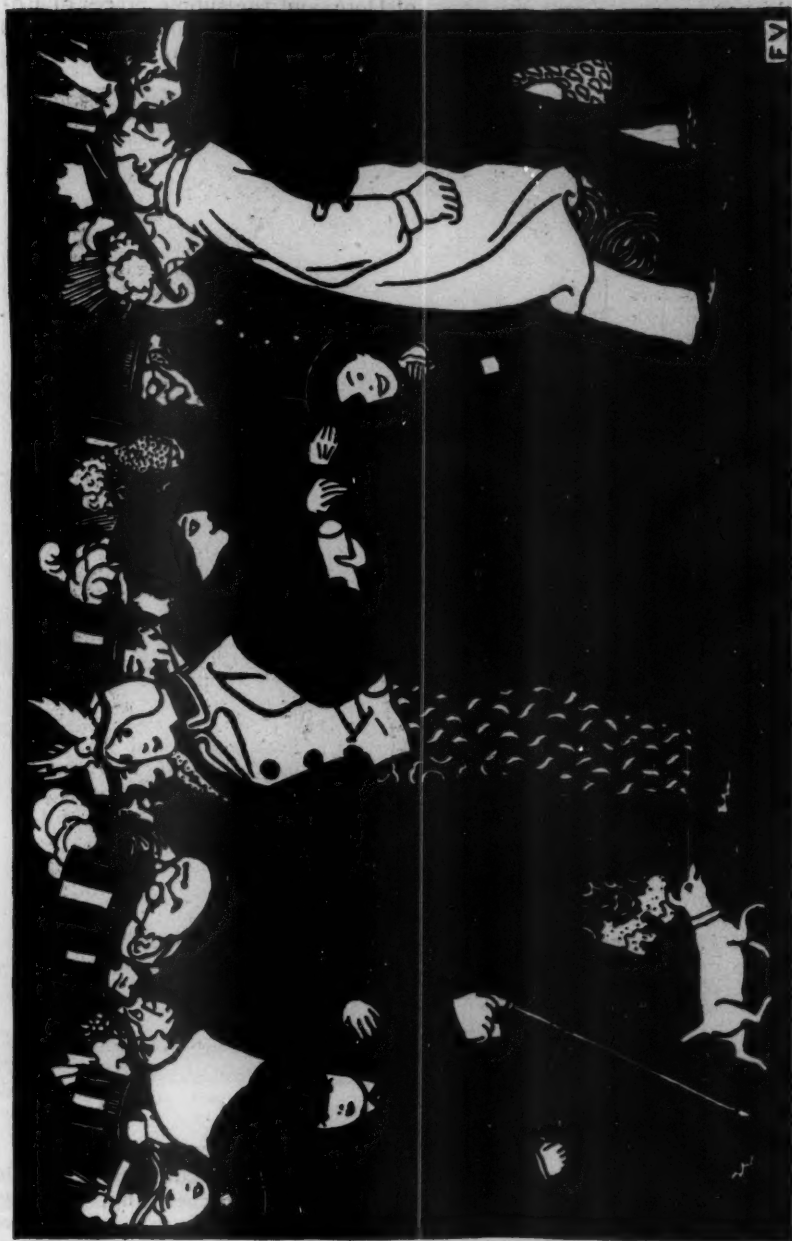
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Sescau, Paris

(From a portrait by Vallotton, never before published)

tion and the tardy triumph of engraving on wood. In England the copper counterfeiters from Bewick downward were followed by the perfunctory archaism of William Morris. France meanwhile produced the romantic vignettes

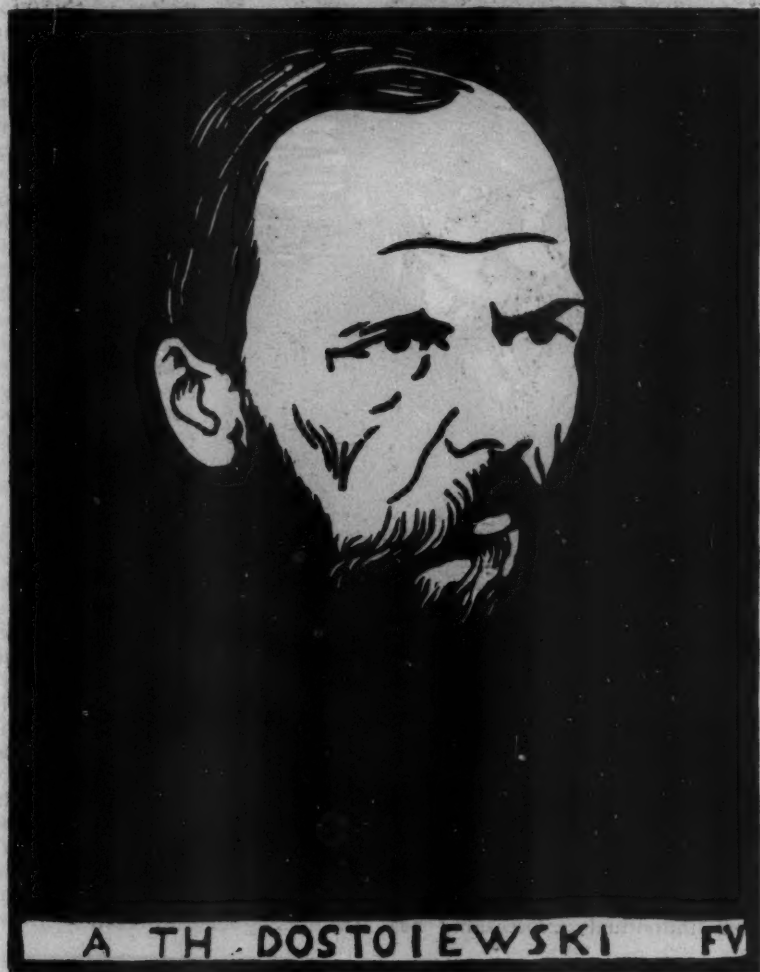
The abused wood-cut was forced to pose as mezzotint, etching, painting, or wash-drawing. It was a poor slave sold into bondage and its death-blow was practically administered by the process block. In Japan things had



"ON THE BOULEVARD"
24

gone differently, but it was not until the early eighties that the gates of the East were thrown open and Western eyes were captivated by mincing mous-

the frank gaze of a Swiss. It was he who more than any one redeemed the broken pledges of wood-engraving and restored its lost dignity. Like the

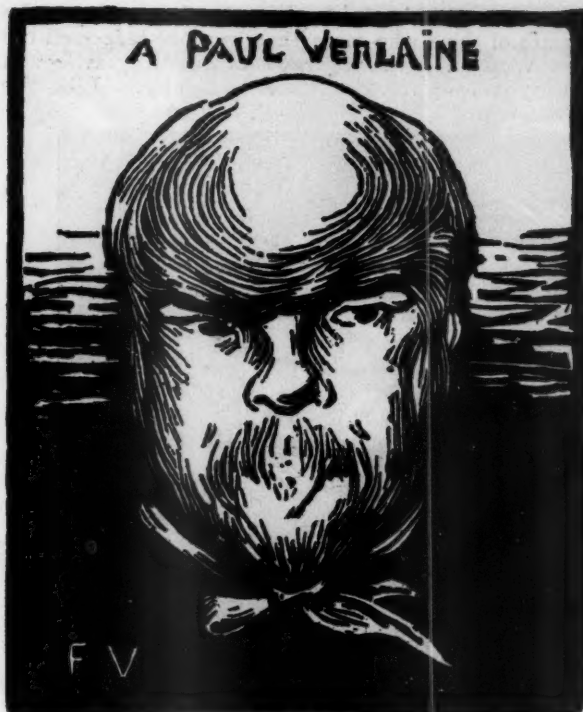


FEDOR DOSTOEVSKY

mé and frowning Fusi-yama as traced in the colored prints of Hokusai.

Some twenty years back there came to Paris from lake-washed Lausanne a boy with clear eye and steady hand. He had convictions and held to them. He looked at life not through the monocle of a Frenchman, but with

primitives, with knife in hand, he cut his own blocks. Through predilection and not through pose he returned to the simplicity of forgotten things, to the candor of earlier, more sturdy days. Félix Vallotton had a vague predecessor in Lepère and was followed in England by Nicholson, in Bavaria by



PAUL VERLAINE

Sättler, and in Holland by the haunting fantasy of Jan Aarts, yet it is he who personifies the current revival of wood-engraving. Scores of lesser men came limping after, but he it was who took the first step. In breadth and in penetration, in the adaptation of an old medium to modern conditions, and in sheer productiveness Vallotton far excels his fellow-craftsmen. More than all the others, even Munch, he has achieved individual expression, has

made the wood-cut embody his personal conception of life's beauty and life's bitterness. In the sober blacks and whites of this modest, observant man's art are outlined with pitiless precision the silhouettes of latter-day society, the sum of that which to-day makes for laughter or for tears.

As a schoolboy in Lausanne, Vallotton gave scant promise of becoming an artist. He detested his classes, particularly those in drawing, and leaned more toward a literary career. In Paris, however, he quickly distinguished himself as Lefebvre's youngest pupil, and in 1885, at the age of twenty, made his début at the Salon. His initial efforts were portraits in oil, though he meanwhile practised etching and contributed

cartoons to various journals and reviews. Among the early portraits none can be compared for clarity of vision and fidelity of presentation with the study of Félix Jasinski, which, though painted by a youth of two-and-twenty, proclaims a talent already mature. After further appearances at the Salon he ceased to exhibit, and has since been seen at the Indépendants; Durand - Ruels, Bernheims, Sagots, and recently in Leipzig



and Vienna. During the formative years he was too individual to be suffocated by the suavity of Lefebvre and Boulanger, nor was he led into incertitude by the shimmering haystacks of Monet and the fire or lamplight reflections of Besnard. This clear-headed young Vaudois was not to be tricked from the true path. At the outset he chose that which was definite and precise. His ideal was not impressionism, but the plastic and impeccable surety of Ingres.

Finding that neither painting nor etching sufficed to translate that which arrested his fancy with increasing vigor, Vallotton turned to wood-engraving. His first attempts date from 1891 and include the "Head of an Old Woman," which recalls the early Dutchmen, and a "Verlaine," already defiant in its originality. The series which followed, from poor, repentant Gaspard, to the tortured, Messianic mask of Dostoyevsky, show portraiture reduced to its slenderest terms. By means of an incomparable system of elimination, of simplification, Vallotton brings one face to face with his subject; not as he looked at a given, accidental moment, but as his countenance is stamped upon



PORTRAIT OF FÉLIX VALLOTTON BY HIMSELF

the consciousness of mankind. Vallotton saw but a few inferior portraits of the pallid, sinister poet, yet his Poe is transfixing in its penetrant accuracy. There is no need here for aigrettes, yards of satin, indolent cushions, vases, and floral accompaniments. The atrocious paraphernalia of mundane portraiture find scant favor with Félix Vallotton. The bravura of Carolus-Duran and Sargent are not what he seeks. A few incisive lines and the





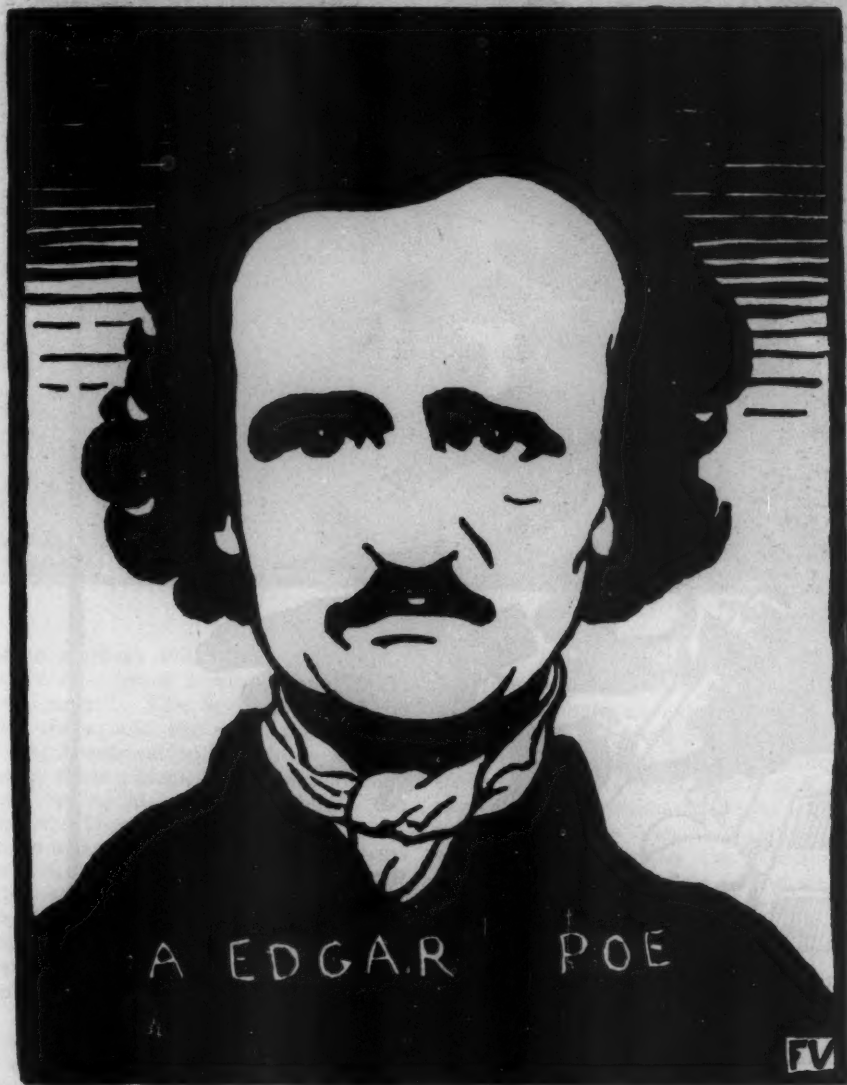
"A GAME OF POKER"

savant apposition of black and white tell his story. One does not need, after all, to be modiste or upholsterer in order to probe the souls of men. Though there is nothing here which suggests the golden-yellow of Rembrandt or the silver-grey of Van Dyck, there is something in each of these heads which recalls the greatest of masters, one who, in the dim chambers of the Alcazar, posed his figures against a neutral ground and painted them with matchless unity of effect. It is only the immature who crave externals, the disdainful Velasquez was content with essentials.

The same qualities which render Vallotton's portraits inevitable in their synthesis of character were next employed in transcribing street or landscape effects. In the early engravings, such as "The Patriotic Song" and "The Bon Marché," faces as well as attitudes are consistently individualized. Later this disappears, and each scene

conveys the impression of life through its inherent spirit. The man who could reduce the multiple play of the human countenance to its mere denominator found that he could do the same for crowded shop, café, or the jostle of the boulevards. Moreover the puppets who bobbed hither and thither were alike; their passions and ambitions were identical. They were only important as being part of the general pattern. Contemporary with "Verlaine," "Wagner," "Berlioz," and his own thoughtful profile silhouetted against the roofs and crowning summits of Lausanne, came "The Burial," notable alike for characterization and for that note of satire which is the salt of Vallotton's art. The grim humor and grotesque sentiment of the ceremony are revealed in each attitude, are reflected in each gesture, each look. In the formal, conscious, and completely absurd demeanor of the bereaved husband is epitomized the essence of

human hypocrisy. Surely no woman who has craved fleeting tenderness ever sank more forlornly to rest than she expression in the suite which includes "The Suicide," "Absolution," "The Execution," and "The Assassination."



EDGAR ALLAN POE

who is here being thumped into her grave by bare-armed brutes and wept for only by hired mourners. The gruesome suggestion of this episode as well as its corrosive satire find even ampler

It is in such scenes that Vallotton betrays his Germanic affiliations, for the keynote to his art lies in the fusion of elements which are both Latin and Teutonic. The imaginative force he



"THE CONFIDANT"

often displays hints kinship with the spirit that gave forth "The Dance of Death." The least elaborate of the series, and the most powerful, is "The Assassination." Into a squalid room darts a black figure who springs, and stabs his victim through the heart. It would be difficult to conceive a more restricted choice of terms or a more vivid and repellent effect. The details are few—the bed, a chair, the dresser, and a rug which has slipped from under the murderer's gliding foot, yet the crapulous horror of the deed is appalling.

Before he finally turned towards man's heritage of sordidness and sin, Vallotton was still to linger awhile in nature's uplifting serenity, was yet to render his own Mont-Blanc and Jungfrau with glistening crest and abysmally dark crevice. But none of these mountain views, however boldly treated, nor even the sinuous grace of "The Swans," approaches the quiet magic of "Eve-

ning." Through the eyes of an unemotional peasant who stands on the shore are beheld an expanse of water, the sun sinking behind dark ranges, and gulls winging about in the luminous twilight. The colorful palette of Kallmorgen and the solemn, antique loveliness of Klinger's "An die Schönheit" are here surpassed by the restrained vigor of black and white. The scene is infused with poetic implication. It may be a Swiss lake, it may be the far Lofoten Islands; in any event, it is nature in her enduring beauty and mystery plus man in his perennial insignificance.

It was not, however, until Vallotton faced social issues that complete mastery came, not until he sounded the shallows of human emotion and pierced the fatuity of human passion. Technically he never excelled "The Manifestation," and psychologically he never duplicated that covert sneer entitled "The Confidant." In "The



"THE BURIAL"

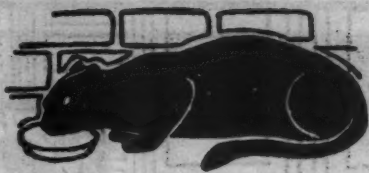
Manifestation," "The Shower," "Little Angels," and kindred themes, he consummates that power of simulating life and motion which remains his cardinal achievement. These swift glimpses of fluttering forms are exact, but are in no sense realistic. They reproduce not reality, but the illusion of reality. They are not a street fight, a sudden down-pour, or a group of gamins capering about a drunkard, as such things actually occur, but as they are registered on vision. They form a series of optical impressions more convincing than the cinematograph because they em-

body a deeper, more subjective truth. At the heart of "The Shower," in which the undiscerning can see but a confusion of arms, legs, heads, umbrellas, hurrying cabs, and flying feet, lurk qualities more abiding than those which rise from the dust and swirl of Wagner's "Chariot Race." These little Parisians who patter to and fro before the eyes of Félix Vallotton are made to reflect a mobility new to art, or which has lain smothered beneath the purple sheen of Veronese and the sumptuous pageantry Pin-toricchio saw in the streets of Peru-



gia and of Rome. It is to Vallotton's credit that he sacrificed outward splendor and even accuracy of form in order to attain this precious note, to convey, as none other has, a sense of life's composite vitality. The fact that Vallotton's subjects are wholly modern and often casual in character, will grieve only the sentimental. There can be as much art in depicting a crowd scrambling from under pelting rain-drops as in the tracing of those delicate figures which circle in silent cadence around an Attic vase. The murderer's blow is as fit a theme as the benediction of a mother's kiss, and one less apt to become maudlin.

After he had mastered action with such dexterity Vallotton struck deeper and more deliberate chords, and further broadened his technique in "The Confidant," "The Sortie," "A Game of Poker," and six musical numbers which begin with "The Violin." His method becomes a reversal of the earlier procedure. Instead of using black upon a white background, he secures his results



by employing white upon black. The chance patch of black which timidly asserts its presence in the Japanese print of "The Wild Boar and the Hare," or in the shoes of Wohlgemuth's "Christmas Dancers," now holds full sway. And Vallotton, in overturning tradition, has won an added triumph. The white, muffled form gliding toward the carriage in "The Sortie," and the glistening shirt fronts and blanched faces grouped around the candles in "A Game of Poker," are new to wood-engraving and to the graphic arts. It was only the hectic Beardsley who obtained similar effects, and even they seem tentative and trivial beside Vallotton's supple mastery over his kingdom of darkness and of light. As before, it is their



"EVENING"

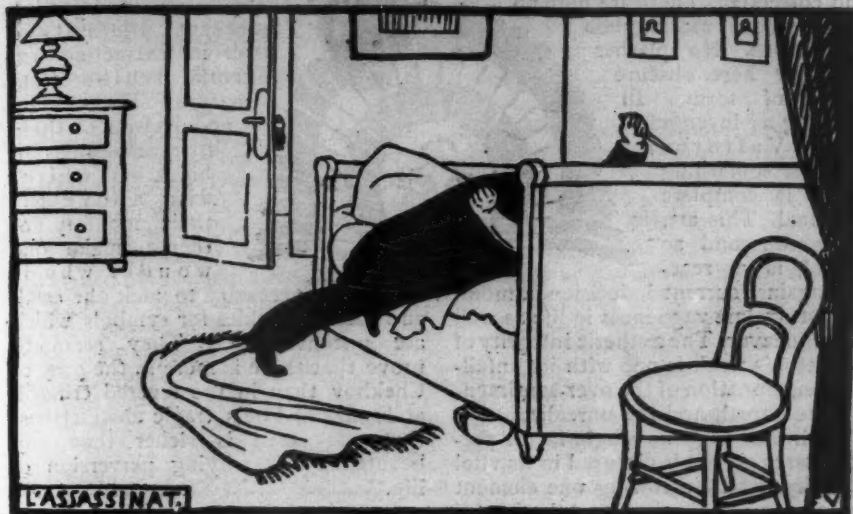


"LITTLE ANGELS"

precision of treatment that renders these engravings so significant; it is because detail is suppressed that the result is so insistent. There is more music in "The Violin" than in the studio romantics of Balestrieri's "Beethoven." There is more searching truth to heart history in the bitterness of "The Confidant" than in the pulsing tenderness which springs to the lips of Rossetti's Rimini lovers screened behind their studded casement. Pitiful sniveller who shows man's weakness in making disclosures which will some day be flung back to him from relentless lips. It would be better were he indulging in refined indifference, or puffing complacently on a cigarette, for the heart of woman is a dubious confessional.

The creator of this art so modern and so mediæval, so Parisian in its analysis and so primitive in execution, is a studious, reserved man still under forty years of age. He resides in Paris and has travelled but little. This Baudelaire of wood-engraving, who looks upon humanity now with pervasive irony, now with amused sufferance, leads the life of a simple bourgeois. His apartments at number 6 Rue de Milan, as well as his studio on the top floor, are

plainly furnished and betray no hint of that vapid pretense affected by the average artist. The studio in particular is workmanlike and orderly, the well-lined shelves at the back giving it somewhat the aspect of a library. A drawing table, a chair or two, an easel, a few canvases, and some engravings by Dürer complete the inventory. The surroundings in which Vallotton passes his days are the reverse of operatic, and as such are the index to his character and personality. He is neither Bohemian nor pontiff; he does not wear torrents of hair, nor does he wait in tragic emptiness for inspiration, but works with undisturbed regularity four hours a day. In appearance he somewhat recalls the humorist, Georges Courteline, whose fund of whimsicality but feebly hides a deep-rooted melancholy. He suggests the modern business type rather than the artist, and though a man of vision and imagination, he boasts neither consuming eyes nor towering brow. He gives the unmistakable impression of having mastered expression through cultivating his powers of observation rather than stimulating his capacity for sensation. Vallotton's attitude toward life as well as toward art is anti-sentimen-



"THE ASSASSINATION"

tal, and in this he is consistent, having married a widow with several children.

The early liking for literature still persists, and throughout his career Vallotton has been a wide reader. Among contemporary writers he prefers Tolstoy and Ibsen, though his admiration for the Norse demigod has somewhat abated. He is himself something of an amateur author; he has written several papers on art, and is now at work on a play. His tastes in music and in painting are restricted. Gluck is his favorite composer, and he professes, not perhaps without a touch of cynicism, to maintain a pious regard for Raphael.

Having early become identified with wood-engraving, he has naturally been associated with the illustration of numerous books in addition to the specially printed editions of his own work. The street scenes in "Les Rassemblements," and the portraits in M. Remy de Gourmont's "Livre des Masques," though not from wood-cuts, represent Vallotton's characteristic vein. Two volumes published in Germany, "Die Schlangendame" and "Der bunte Vogel," indicate how fully he is esteemed across the Rhine, and numerous posters, decorative designs, and

book-plates for Paris friends evince further fertility of mood. Among the smaller subjects, by far the most diverting are the "Bathers" and the "Animals," yet of all his work Vallotton seems to prefer the ten social satires executed for *La Revue Blanche*. He has also contributed a quantity of drawings in black and white and in color to *Le Rire*, *Le Courrier Français*, *La Vie Parisienne*, and similar publications. His latest work, a special Vallotton number of *L'Assiette au Buerre*, entitled "Crimes et Châtiments," shows how well this latter-day Juvenal knew what crimes to punish and what punishments to administer.

During the years Vallotton was devoting himself to wood-engraving, was patiently cutting his own blocks and carrying his art to its last boldness or refinement, he at no time utterly relinquished painting. He has now returned to the palette with renewed enthusiasm and recently exhibited at Bernheim's a score of canvases including portraits, genre, still-life, and landscapes. Modern art shows nothing stronger in outline nor more sadly sardonic in spirit than his "Baudelaire." The "Berlioz" is hardly so significant, but the note struck in the other subjects is forceful

and corrective. There are here no hesitations, or meaningless reiterations. No splashes of color here obscure purity of form. In painting as in engraving, Vallotton achieves something which is complete and final. This art, so rigorous and so formal, is a reaction against current indecision, a moral protest against vagueness in life as well as in endeavor. The æsthetic integrity of Vallotton's work is one with its unfailing condemnation of the over-sentimental, the unreal, and the unrealizable.

With Vallotton no single factor predominates. Life is pictured in its vital intensity not by throwing one element out of perspective, but by bringing all into closer accord. The man who lives in the tranquil Rue de Milan yet near the teeming Gare Saint Lazare and the throbbing lights of the Casino de Paris has not scanned passing faces for naught, nor will he permit one detail to out-value another. Woman, whom his colleagues exalt to unreason, he suppresses to saner proportions. He has never succumbed to the caressing volutions of chiffon or the provoking allure of the coiffure. Those pretty, pathetic lies so eternally dear to the human heart he has had the courage to refute. No need lashing him to the mast for he would not writhe insatiate on hearing Siren voices. He sips his bock in content and knows no hunger for the Lotus Flower.

It seems, after all, that this quiet man has learned the deeper lesson—



that there is less in injecting sentiment into nature than in extracting essential truths from nature. The verity and decision of these little arabesques in black and white, and above all their modesty of theme, make one wonder why it

should be necessary to rack the earth and sack the skies for symbols which are unconvincing. They seem to prove that there is more in the grey of Chekhov than in the fevered crimson and gold of Poe's tragic abstractions, that life itself is richer than any beautiful or terrifying perversion of life.

In each of the arts one tires of only loud or only soft pedal. One wearies, in the end, of Werther's sorrows, and one wakes often at night wishing Camille would not cough for the mere sake of some pitying ministration. It is not the enslaving sex-surges of Tristan and Isolde, but the crisped numbers of Walther that carry off the prize, and flashes from Carmen's eyes are more fateful than the labored grumbings of Fafner. There are moments when the wistful glimpses of Tuscan or Umbrian wood and water which haunt the background of certain early canvases seem more appealing than the picturing of Mary's motherhood. And the man who hurries after a tram-car or dashes into an elevator at times reflects as much pathetic majesty as any among those who toiled dolorously toward Calvary.



Robert Louis Stevenson: The Dramatist*

By ARTHUR WING PINERO

SOME, perhaps,—and some, too, who would call themselves ardent Stevensonians—are scarcely aware that Robert Louis Stevenson was a dramatist at all, that he ever essayed the dramatic form. If I were to ask in public those who have read his three plays to hold up a hand, I fear the demonstration would not be a very considerable one; and that demonstration would be still less imposing, I think, if my question were to take this shape: "How many have seen one or other of these works upon the stage?" Yet it is a fact that Stevenson wrote, or at any rate actively collaborated in, three plays. Three plays? More—four, five. But two of the five I propose to disregard entirely. One, "The Hanging Judge," written in collaboration with Mrs. Stevenson, has never been published, and may therefore be regarded as exempt from criticism. The other, "Macaire," does not profess to be an original work except in details of dialogue. We will, therefore, put that, also, aside and concentrate our attention on the three original plays—"Deacon Brodie," "Beau Austin," and "Admiral Guinea"—which Stevenson produced in collaboration with Mr. William Ernest Henley. Now, I wish to enquire why it is that these two men, both, in their different ways, of distinguished talent, combining, with great gusto and hopefulness, to produce acting dramas, should have made such small mark with them, either on or off the stage. "Deacon Brodie" was acted a good many times in America, but only once, I believe, in Great Britain. "Beau Austin" has been publicly presented some score of times; "Admiral Guinea" has enjoyed but a single performance. Nor have these pieces produced a much greater effect in the study, as the phrase goes. They have their admirers, of whom, in many respects, I am one. I hope to draw attention to some of the sterling beauties they contain. But no one, I think, gives even "Beau Austin" a very high place among Steven-

son's works as a whole; and many people who have probably read every other line that Stevenson wrote, have, as I say, scarcely realized the existence of his dramas. Why should Stevenson the dramatist take such a back seat, if one may be pardoned the expression, in comparison with Stevenson the novelist, the essayist, the poet?

This question seems to me all the more worth asking because Stevenson's case is by no means a singular one. There is hardly a novelist or poet of the whole nineteenth century who does not stand in exactly the same position. They have one and all attempted to write for the stage, and it is scarcely too much to say that they have one and all failed, not only to achieve theatrical success but even, in any appreciable degree, to enrich our dramatic literature. Some people, perhaps, will claim Shelley and Browning as exceptions. Well, I won't attempt to argue the point—I will content myself with asking what rank Shelley would have held among our poets had he written nothing but "The Cenci," or Browning if his fame rested solely on "Strafford" and "A Blot on the Scutcheon." For the rest, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, all produced dramas of a more or less abortive kind. Some of Byron's plays, which he justly declared to be unsuited for the stage, were forced by fine acting and elaborate scenic embellishment into a sort of success; but how dead they are to-day! and how low a place they hold among the poet's works! Dickens and Thackeray both loved the theatre, and both wrote for it without the smallest success. Of Lord Tennyson's plays, two, "The Cup" and "Becket," in the second of which Sir Henry Irving has given us one of his noblest performances, were so admirably mounted and rendered by that great actor that they enjoyed considerable prosperity in the theatre; but no critic ever dreamt of assigning either to them or to any other of Tennyson's

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dramas a place coequal with his non-dramatic poems. Mr. Swinburne has written many plays—has any one of them the smallest chance of being remembered along with "Poems and Ballads" and "Songs before Sunrise"? There is only one exception to the rule that during the nineteenth century no poet or novelist of the slightest eminence made any success upon the stage, and even that solitary exception is a dubious one. I refer, as may be surmised, to Bulwer Lytton. There is no doubt as to his success; but what does the twentieth century think of his eminence?

If we can lay our finger on the reason of Stevenson's—I will not say failure, but inadequate success—as a playwright, perhaps it may help us to understand the still more inadequate success of greater men.

And here let me follow the example of that agreeable essayist, Euclid, and formulate my theorem in advance—or, in other words, indicate the point towards which I hope to lead you. We shall find, I think, that Stevenson, with all his genius, failed to realize that the art of drama is not stationary, but progressive. By this I do not mean that it is always improving; what I do mean is that its conditions are always changing, and that every dramatist whose ambition it is to produce live plays is absolutely bound to study carefully, and I may even add respectfully—at any rate not contemptuously—the conditions that hold good for his own age and generation. This Stevenson did not—would not—do. We shall find, I think, that in all his plays he was deliberately imitating outworn models, and doing it, too, in a sportive, half-disdainful spirit, as who should say, "The stage is a realm of absurdities—come, let us be cleverly absurd!" In that spirit, success never was and never will be attained. I do not mean to imply, of course, that this was the spirit in which the other great writers I have mentioned—Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and the rest—approached their work as dramatists. But I do suggest that they one and all, like Stevenson, set themselves to imitate outworn models,

instead of discovering for themselves, and if necessary ennobling, the style of drama really adapted to the dramatist's one great end—that of showing the age and body of the time his form and pressure. The difference is that while Stevenson imitated the transpontine plays of the early nineteenth century, most of the other writers I have named imitated the Elizabethan dramatists. The difference is not essential to my point—the error lies in the mere fact of imitation. One of the great rules—perhaps the only universal rule—of the drama is that you cannot pour new wine into old skins.

Some of the great men I have mentioned were debarred from success for a reason which is still more simple and obvious—namely, that they had no dramatic talent. But this was not Stevenson's case. No one can doubt that he had in him the ingredients of a dramatist. What is dramatic talent? Is it not the power to project characters, and to cause them to tell an interesting story through the medium of dialogue? This is *dramatic* talent; and dramatic talent, if I may so express it, is the raw material of *theatrical* talent. Dramatic, like poetic, talent is born, not made; if it is to achieve success on the stage, it must be developed into theatrical talent by hard study, and generally by long practice. For theatrical talent consists in the power of making your characters not only tell a story by means of dialogue, but tell it in such skilfully devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect the production of which is the one great function of the theatre. Now, dramatic talent Stevenson undoubtedly possessed in abundance; and I am convinced that theatrical talent was well within his reach, if only he had put himself to the pains of evolving it.

Need I prove the dramatic talent of the author of "Prince Otto," "The Master of Ballantrae," "The Ebb-Tide," and "Weir of Hermiston"? If I once began naming scenes to demon-

strate it, I should not know where to leave off. I prefer, then, to cite, not any single scene, but a whole drama which, as Stevenson assures us in his "Chapter on Dreams," came to him in the visions of the night. He is showing how his Little People—his Brownies, as he calls them; the Brownies of the brain—go on working in sleep, independently of the dreamer's volition, and how in his case they would sometimes hit upon strange felicities.

This dreamer [he says—and by "this dreamer" he means himself]—this dreamer has encountered some trifling vicissitudes of fortune. When the bank begins to send letters and the butcher to linger at the back gate, he sets to belaboring his brains after a story, for that is his readiest money-winner; and, behold! at once the Little People begin to bestir themselves in the same quest, and labor all night long, and all night long set before him truncheons of tales upon their lighted theatre. . . . How often have these sleepless Brownies done him honest service, and given him, as he sat idly taking his pleasure in the boxes, better tales than he could fashion for himself. Here is one, exactly as it came to him. It seemed he was the son of a very rich and wicked man, the owner of broad acres and a most damnable temper. The dreamer [and that was the son] had lived much abroad, on purpose to avoid his parent; and when at length he returned to England it was to find him married again to a young wife, who was supposed to suffer cruelly and to loathe her yoke. Because of this marriage [as the dreamer indistinctly understood] it was desirable for father and son to have a meeting; and yet both being proud and both angry, neither would condescend upon a visit. Meet they did, accordingly, in a desolate, sandy country by the sea; and there they quarrelled, and the son, stung by some intolerable insult, struck down the father dead. No suspicion was aroused; the dead man was found and buried, and the dreamer succeeded to the broad estates, and found himself installed under the same roof with his father's widow, for whom no provision had been made. These two lived very much alone, as people may after a bereavement, sat down to table together, shared the long evenings, and grew daily better friends; until it seemed to him of a sudden that she was prying about dangerous matters; that she had conceived a notion of his guilt; that she watched him and tried him with questions. He drew back from her company as men draw back from a precipice suddenly discovered; and yet so strong was the attraction that he would drift again and again into the old intimacy, and again and

again be startled back by some suggestive question or some inexplicable meaning in her eye. So they lived at cross-purposes, a life full of broken dialogue, challenging glances, and suppressed passion; until, one day, he saw the woman slipping from the house in a veil, followed her to the station, followed her in the train to the seaside country, and out over the sand-hills to the very place where the murder was done. There she began to grope among the bents, he watching her, flat upon his face; and presently she had something in her hand—I cannot remember what it was, but it was deadly evidence against the dreamer—and as she held it up to look at it, perhaps from the shock of the discovery, her foot slipped, and she hung at some peril on the brink of the tall sandwreaths. He had no thought but to spring up and rescue her; and there they stood face to face, she with that deadly matter openly in her hand—his very presence on the spot another link of proof. It was plain she was about to speak, but this was more than he could bear—he could bear to be lost, but not to talk of it with his destroyer; and he cut her short with trivial conversation. Arm in arm, they returned together to the train, talking he knew not what, made the journey back in the same carriage, sat down to dinner, and passed the evening in the drawing-room as in the past. But suspense and fear drummed in the dreamer's bosom. "She has not denounced me yet"—so his thoughts ran: "when will she denounce me? Will it be to-morrow?" And it was not to-morrow, nor the next day, nor the next; and their life settled back on the old terms, only that she seemed kinder than before, and that, as for him, the burthen of his suspense and wonder grew daily more unbearable, so that he wasted away like a man with a disease. Once, indeed, he broke all bounds of decency, seized an occasion when she was abroad, ransacked her room, and at last, hidden among her jewels, found the damning evidence. There he stood, holding this thing, which was his life, in the hollow of his hand, and marvelling at her inconsequent behavior,—that she should seek, and keep, and yet not use it; and then the door opened, and behold herself! So, once more, they stood, eye to eye, with the evidence between them; and once more she raised to him a face brimming with some communication; and once more he shied away from speech and cut her off. But before he left the room, which he had turned upside-down, he laid back his death-warrant where he had found it; and, at that, her face lighted up. The next thing he heard, she was explaining to her maid, with some ingenious falsehood, the disorder of her things. Flesh and blood could bear the strain no longer; and I think it was the next morning [though chronology is always hazy in the theatre of the mind] that he burst from his reserve. They had

been breakfasting together in one corner of a great, parqueted, sparsely furnished room of many windows; all the time of the meal she had tortured him with sly allusions; and no sooner were the servants gone, and these two protagonists alone together, than he leaped to his feet. She, too, sprang up, with a pale face; with a pale face she heard him as he raved out his complaint: Why did she torture him so? she knew all, she knew he was no enemy to her; why did she not denounce him at once? what signified her whole behavior? why did she torture him? and yet again, why did she torture him? And when he had done, she fell upon her knees, and with outstretched hands: "Do you not understand?" she cried. "I love you!"

An intensely dramatic tale, I venture to think! one perhaps calculated to shock those who deny to dramatic art the right—in the words of Browning—"to paint man man, whatever the issue"; nevertheless, an intensely dramatic tale. Now, we will not enquire whether we are bound to believe that this highly dramatic story actually came to Stevenson in a dream. No doubt he believed that it did; but perhaps, like ordinary mortals, he unconsciously touched up the dream in the telling, and touched it up with the vivacity of genius. But that is nothing to our purpose. It is certain that in one way or another, whether in his sleeping or his waking moments, the drama to which I have just referred came into, and came out of, Stevenson's brain; and I fancy you will agree with me that a finer dramatic conception has seldom come out of any brain. Now mark what is his own comment upon it. Having finished the tale, he proceeds: "Here-upon, with a pang of wonder and mercantile delight, the dreamer awoke. His mercantile delight was not of long endurance; for it soon became plain that in this spirited tale there were unmarketable elements; which is just the reason why you have it here so briefly told." I will ask you to bear in mind this "mercantile delight," this abandonment of the theme because of its "unmarketable elements." To these points we will return later on. Meanwhile the extract I have cited has, I hope, served its purpose in enabling you to realize beyond all question that Stevenson had in him a large measure

of dramatic talent—what I have called the ingredients, the makings, of a dramatist.

Now let me revive in memory another of Stevenson's essays which throws a curious light upon his mental attitude towards the theatre. I refer to that delightful essay in "Memories and Portraits" called "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored." It describes his juvenile delight in those sheets of toy-theatre characters which, even when he wrote, had "become, for the most part, a memory," and are now, I believe, almost extinct.

I have at different times [he says] possessed "Aladdin," "The Red Rover," "The Blind Boy," "The Old Oak Chest," "The Wood Demon," "Jack Sheppard," "The Miller and his Men," "The Smuggler," "The Forest of Bondy," "Robin Hood," and "Three-Fingered Jack, the Terror of Jamaica"; and I have assisted others in the illumination of "The Maid of the Inn," and "The Battle of Waterloo."

Then he tells how, in a window in Leith Walk, all the year round,

there stood displayed a theatre in working order, with a "forest set," a "combat," and a few "robbers carousing" in the slides; and below and about, tenfold dearer to me! the plays themselves, those budgets of romance, lay tumbled one upon another. Long and often have I lingered there with empty pockets. One figure, we shall say, was visible in the first plate of characters, bearded, pistol in hand, or drawing to his ear the cloth-yard arrow: I would spell the name: was it Macaire—

one of the subjects, you see, which he afterwards chose for stage treatment

or Long Tom Coffin, or Grindoff, 2d dress? O, how I would long to see the rest! how—if the name by chance were hidden—I would wonder in what play he figured, and what immortal legend justified his attitude and strange apparel!

He then goes on to describe the joy that attended the coloring of the "penny plain" plates—

nor can I quite forgive [he says] that child who, wilfully foregoing pleasure, stoops to "twopence colored." With crimson lake [hark to the sound of it—crimson lake!—the horns of elfland are not richer on the ear]—with crimson lake and Prussian

blue a certain purple is to be compounded which, for cloaks especially, Titian could not equal. The latter color with gamboge, a hated name, though an exquisite pigment, supplied a green of such savory greenness that to-day my heart regrets it. Nor can I recall without a tender weakness the very aspect of the water where I dipped my brush.

All this is delightful—is it not?—deliciously and admirably Stevensonian. The unfortunate thing is that even to his dying day he continued to regard the actual theatre as only an enlarged form of the toy theatres which had fascinated his childhood; he continued to use in his dramatic coloring the crimson lake and Prussian blue of transpontine romance; he considered his function as a dramatist very little more serious than that child's-play with paint-box and pasteboard on which his memory dwelt so fondly. He played at being a playwright; and he was fundamentally in error in regarding the drama as a matter of child's-play.

Observe, too, that these dramas of the toy theatre were, before they reached the toy theatre, designed for almost the lowest class of theatrical audiences. They were stark and staring melodramas. Most of them were transpontine in the literal sense of the word—that is to say, they had originally seen the light at the humbler theatres beyond the bridges—the Surrey and the Coburg. Many of them were unacknowledged adaptations from the French—for in the early years of the nineteenth century the English dramatist had not acquired that nice conscientiousness which he has since displayed. Yet a drama which was sufficiently popular to be transferred to the toy theatres was almost certain to have a sort of rude merit in its construction. The characterization would be hopelessly conventional, the dialogue bald and despicable—but the situations would be artfully arranged, the story told adroitly and with spirit. Unfortunately these merits did not come within Stevenson's ken. I don't know whether any one could have discovered them in the text-books issued with the sheets of characters; he, at any rate, did not, for he tells us so. "The fable," he says, "as set forth in

the play-book, proved to be not worthy of the scenes and characters.

Indeed, as literature, these dramas did not much appeal to me. I forget the very outline of the plots." In other words, what little merit there was in the plays escaped him. What he remembered and delighted in was simply their absurdities—the crude inconsistencies of their characters, the puerilities of their technique. But here we must distinguish. There are two parts of technique, which I may perhaps call its strategy and its tactics. In strategy—in the general laying out of a play, these transpontine dramatists were often, as I have said, more than tolerably skilful; but in tactics, in the art of getting their characters on and off the stage, of conveying information to the audience, and so forth, they were almost incredibly careless and conventional. They would make a man, as in the Chinese theatre, tell the whole story of his life in a soliloquy; or they would expound their plot to the audience in pages of conversation between characters who acquaint each other with nothing that is not already perfectly well known to both. Well, his childish studies accustomed Stevenson to the miserable tactics of these plays. Keenly as he afterwards realized their absurdities, he had nevertheless in a measure become inured to them. For the merits of their strategy, on the other hand, he had naturally, as a mere child, no eye whatever. And one main reason of his inadequate success as a dramatist was that he never either unlearned their tactics or learned their strategy. Had he ever thoroughly understood what was good in them, I have no doubt that, on the basis of this rough-and-ready melodramatic technique, he would have developed a technique of his own as admirable as that which he ultimately achieved in fiction.

When he first attempts drama, what is the theme he chooses? A story of crime, a story of housebreaking, dark lanterns, jimmies, centre-bits, masks, detectives, boozing-kens—in short a melodrama of the deepest dye, exactly after the Surrey, the Coburg, the

toy-theatre type. It evidently pleased him to think that he could put fresh life into this old and puerile form, as he had put, or was soon to put, fresh life into the boy's tale of adventure. And he did, indeed, write a good deal of vivacious dialogue—the literary quality of the play, though poor in comparison with Stevenson's best work, is, of course, incomparably better than that of the models on which he was founding. But unfortunately it shows no glimmer of their stagecraft. The drama is entitled, "Deacon Brodie, or The Double Life." Its hero is a historical character who held a position of high respectability in eighteenth-century Edinburgh while he devoted his leisure moments to the science and art of burglary. Here was a theme in which Fitzball, or any of the Coburg melodramatists, would indeed have revelled, a theme almost as fertile of melodramatic possibilities as that of "Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street." And one would have thought that the future author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was precisely the man to get its full effect out of the "double life" of his burglar hero. But not a bit of it. From sheer lack of stagecraft, the effect of the "double life" is wholly lost. Brodie is a patent, almost undisguised, scoundrel throughout. There is no contrast between the respectable and the criminal sides of his life, no gradual unmasking of his depravity, no piling up, atom by atom, of evidence against him. Our wonder from the first is that any one should ever have regarded him as anything else than the poor blustering, blundering villain he is. From the total ineffectiveness of the character, one cannot but imagine that Stevenson was hampered by the idea of representing strictly the historical personage. In this, for aught I know, he may have succeeded; but he has certainly not succeeded in making his protagonist interesting in the theatre, or in telling the story so as to extract one tithe of its possibilities of dramatic effect. As for his technique, let one specimen suffice. I will name one of the many soliloquies: the faulty method of con-

ducting action and revealing character by soliloquy was one from which Stevenson could never emancipate himself. It is a speech delivered by Deacon Brodie while he is making preparations for a midnight gambling excursion.

(Brodie closes, locks, and double-bolts the doors of his bedroom.)

Now for one of the Deacon's headaches! Rogues all, rogues all! *(He goes to the clothes-press and proceeds to change his coat.)* On with the new coat, and into the new life! Down with the Deacon and up with the robber! Eh, God! how still the house is! There's something in hypocrisy after all. If we were as good as we seem, what would the world be? The city has its vizard on, and we—at night we are our naked selves. Trysts are keeping, bottles cracking, knives are stripping; and here is Deacon Brodie flaming forth the man of men he is! How still it is! . . . My father and Mary—Well! the day for them, the night for me; the grimy, cynical night that makes all cats grey, and all honesties of one complexion. Shall a man not have half a life of his own? not eight hours out of twenty-four? Eight shall he have should he dare the pit of Tophet. Where's the blunt? I must be cool to-night, or . . . steady, Deacon, you must win, damn you, you must? You must win back the dowry that you've stolen, and marry your sister, and pay your debts, and gull the world a little longer! The Deacon's going to bed—the poor sick Deacon! *Allons!* Only the stars to see me! I'm a man once more till morning.

But it is needless to dwell long on "Deacon Brodie"—ripeness of stagecraft is not to be looked for in a first attempt, a 'prentice piece. The play is chiefly interesting as exemplifying the boyish spirit of gleeful bravado in which Stevenson approached the stage. Again I say, his instinct was to play with it, as he had played, when a boy, with his pasteboard theatre. In "Admiral Guinea"—a much better drama—the influence of his penny-plain-twopence-coloured studies is, if possible, still more apparent. "Deacon Brodie" was the melodrama of crime; this was to be the nautical melodrama. As the one belonged to the school of "Sweeney Todd," so the other was to follow in the wake of "Black-Ey'd Susan," "The Red Rover," "Ben Backstay," and those other romances of the briny deep in which that cele-

brated impersonator of seafaring types, T. P. Cooke, had made his fame. If you require a proof of the intimate relation between "Admiral Guinea" and "Skelton's Juvenile Drama," as the toy-theatre plays were called, let me draw your attention to this little coincidence. In his essay on the Juvenile Drama, Stevenson enlarges not only on the sheets of characters, but also on the scenery which accompanied them.

Here is the cottage interior [he writes], the usual first flat, with the cloak upon the nail, the rosaries of onions, the gun and powder-horn and corner cupboard; here is the inn—(this drama must be nautical, I foresee Captain Luff and Bold Bob Bowsprit)—here is the inn with the red curtains, pipes, spittoons, and eight-day clock.

Well now, the two scenes of "Admiral Guinea" reproduce, with a little elaboration, exactly the two scenes here sketched. The first is the cottage interior with the corner cupboard; the second is thus described:

the stage represents the parlor of the Admiral Benbow inn. Fireplace right, with high-backed settles on each side. . . . Tables left, with glasses, pipes, etc. . . . window with red half-curtains; spittoons; candles on both the front tables.

Here, you see, he draws in every detail upon his memories of the toy-theatre. And in writing the play his effort was constantly, and one may almost say confessedly, to reproduce the atmosphere of conventional nautical melodrama—to rehandle its material, while replacing its bald language with dialogue of high literary merit. And of course he succeeded in writing many speeches of great beauty. Take this for instance. It is the scene in the first act between John Gaunt,—called "Admiral Guinea,"—Kit French, a privateersman, and Gaunt's daughter Arethusa. Arethusa is the pretty, virtuous maiden of nautical melodrama; Kit, the careless, harem-scarem young sea-dog in love with the virtuous maiden, and desirous, in his weak way, of casting his reckless habits behind him and of becoming a respectable and respected coasting skipper. Gaunt, a vigorously drawn character, was once

captain of a slaver but is now an altered man, harsh, pious, repentant. Gaunt, entering his room, surprises Kit French and his daughter together.

Kit, standing beside Arethusa, her hand in his, says to the father, "Captain Gaunt, I have come to ask you for your daughter." The old man sinks into his chair with a growl.

I love her [says Kit], and she loves me, sir. I've left the privateering. I've enough to set me up and buy a tidy sloop—Jack Lee's; you know the boat, Captain; clinker built, not four years old, eighty tons burthen, steers like a child. I've put my mother's ring on Arethusa's finger; and if you'll give us your blessing, I'll engage to turn over a new leaf, and make her a good husband.

GAUNT.

In whose strength, Christopher French?

KIT.

In the strength of my good, honest love for her: as you did for her mother, and my father for mine. And you know, Captain, a man can't command the wind: but (excuse me, sir) he can always lie the best course possible, and that's what I'll do, so God help me.

GAUNT.

Arethusa, you at least are the child of many prayers; your eyes have been unsealed; and to you the world stands naked, a morning watch for duration, a thing spun of cobwebs for solidity. In the presence of an angry God, I ask you: have you heard this man?

ARETHUSA.

Father, I know Kit, and I love him.

GAUNT.

I say it solemnly, this is no Christian union. To you, Christopher French, I will speak nothing of eternal truths: I will speak to you the language of this world. You have been trained among sinners who gloried in their sin: in your whole life you never saved one farthing; and now, when your pockets are full, you think you can begin, poor dupe, in your own strength. You are a roysterer, a jovial companion; you mean no harm—you are nobody's enemy but your own. No doubt you tell this girl of mine, and no doubt you tell yourself, that you can change. Christopher, speaking under correction, I defy you! You ask me for this child of many supplications, for this brand plucked from the burning: I look at you: I read you through and through; and I tell you—no!

KIT.

Captain Gaunt, if you mean that I am not worthy of her, I'm the first to say so. But, if you'll excuse

me, sir, I'm a young man, and young men are no better 'n they ought to be; it's known; they're all like that; and what's their chance? To be married to a girl like this! And would you refuse it to me? Why, sir, you yourself, when you came courting, you were young and rough; and yet I'll make bold to say that Mrs. Gaunt was a happy woman, and the saving of yourself into the bargain. Well, now, Captain Gaunt, will you deny another man, and that man a sailor, the very salvation that you had yourself?

GAUNT.

Salvation, Christopher French, is from above.

KIT.

Well, sir, that is so; but there's means, too; and what means so strong as the wife a man has to strive and toil for, and that bears the punishment whenever he goes wrong? Now, sir, I've spoke with your old shipmates in the Guinea trade. Hard as nails, they said, and true as the compass; as rough as a slaver but as just as a judge. Well, sir, you hear me plead: I ask you for my chance; don't you deny it to me.

GAUNT.

You speak of me? In the true balances we both weigh nothing. But two things I know: the death of iniquity, how foul it is; and the agony with which a man repents. Not until seven devils were cast out of me did I awake; each rent me as it passed. Ay, that was repentance. Christopher, Christopher, you have sailed before the wind since first you weighed your anchor, and now you think to sail upon a bowline? You do not know your ship, young man: you will go to le'ward like a sheet of paper; I tell you so that know—I tell you so that have tried, and failed, and wrestled in the sweat of prayer, and at last, at last, have tasted grace. But, meanwhile, no flesh and blood of mine shall lie at the mercy of such a wretch as I was then, or as you are this day. I could not own the deed before the face of heaven, if I sanctioned this unequal yoke. Arethusa, pluck off that ring from off your finger! Christopher French, take it, and go hence!

KIT.

Arethusa, what do you say?

ARETHUSA.

O Kit, you know my heart. But he is alone, and I am his only comfort; and I owe all to him; and shall I not obey my father? But, Kit, if you will let me, I will keep your ring. Go, Kit; go, and prove to my father that he was mistaken; go and win me. And O, Kit, if ever you should weary, come to me—no, do not come! but send word—and I shall know all, and you shall have your ring.

KIT.

Don't say that, don't say such things to me; I sink or swim with you. Old man, you've struck me hard; give me a good word to go with. Name your time; I'll stand the test. Give me a spark of hope, and I'll fight through for it. Say just this,—“Prove I was mistaken,”—and, by George! I'll prove it.

GAUNT.

(Looking up.) I make no such compacts. Go, and swear not at all.

Again, take the scene between David Pew, the ruffianly blind beggar, once Boatswain of the *Arethusa*, who, armed with the knowledge of Gaunt's past, comes to his old captain to extort money from him. They stand face to face. “Well?” says Gaunt. “Well, Cap'n?” says Pew. “What do you want?” asks Gaunt.

PEW.

Well, Admiral, in a general way, what I want in a manner of speaking is money and rum.

GAUNT.

David Pew, I have known you a long time.

PEW.

And so you have; aboard the old *Arethusa*; and you don't seem that cheered up as I'd look for, with an old shipmate dropping in, one as has been seeking you two years and more—and blind at that. What a swaller you had for a pannikin of rum, and what a fist for the shiners! Ah, Cap'n, they did n't call you Admiral Guinea for nothing. I can see that old sea-chest of yours—her with the brass bands, where you kept your gold-dust and doubloons: you know!—I can see her as well this minute as though you and me was still at it playing put on the lid of her. . . . You don't say nothing, Cap'n? . . . Well, here it is: I want money and I want rum. You don't know what it is to want rum, you don't: it gets to that p'lint, that you would kill a 'ole ship's company for just one guttle of it. What? Admiral Guinea, my old Commander, go back on poor old Pew? and him high and dry?

GAUNT.

David Pew, it were better for you that you were sunk in fifty fathom. I know your life; and first and last, it is one broadside of wickedness. You were a porter in a school, and beat a boy to death; you ran for it, turned slaver, and shipped with me, a green hand. Ay, that was the craft for you; that was the right craft, and I was the right captain; there was none worse that sailed to Guinea. Well,

what came of that? In five years' time you made yourself the terror and abhorrence of your messmates. The worst hands detested you; your captain—that was me, John Gaunt, the chief of sinners—cast you out for a Jonah. Ay, you were a scandal to the Guinea coast, from Lagos down to Calabar; and when at last I sent you ashore, a marooned man—your shipmates, devils as they were, cheering and rejoicing to be quit of you—by heaven! it was a ton's weight off the brig.

PEW.

Cap'n Gaunt, Cap'n Gaunt, these are ugly words.

GAUNT.

What next? You shipped with Flint the Pirate. What you did then I know not; the deep seas have kept the secret; kept it, ay, and will keep against the Great Day. God smote you with blindness, but you heeded not the sign. That was His last mercy; look for no more. To your knees, man, and repent! Pray for a new heart; flush out your sins with tears; flee while you may from the terrors of the wrath to come.

PEW.

Now, I want this clear: Do I understand that you're going back on me, and you'll see me damned first?

GAUNT.

Of me you shall have neither money nor strong drink: not a guinea to spend in riot; not a drop to fire your heart with devilry.

PEW.

Cap'n, do you think it wise to quarrel with me? I put it to you now, Cap'n, fairly as between man and man—do you think it wise?

GAUNT.

I fear nothing. My feet are on the Rock. Be gone!

The play is full of speeches as beautiful as those of Gaunt's; and if beautiful speeches, and even beautiful passages of dialogue, made a good drama, "Admiral Guinea" would indeed be a great success. But what chiefly strikes one after seeing or reading the play is that Stevenson's idea of dramatic writing was that fine speeches, and fine speeches alone, would carry everything before them. I can picture the collaborators sitting together and discussing the composition of their work, and saying to each other, "This position, or that, will furnish a capital opportunity for a good

speech"; I can imagine Stevenson subsequently telling his friend what a splendid "speech" he had just written. In short, "Admiral Guinea" is mainly rhetoric, beautifully done but with no blood in it. The second act—the inn scene—is a monument of long-windedness; while the situation of Gaunt's walking in his sleep—by which Stevenson's friends and admirers, on the occasion of the production of the play in London, set such store—could be cut out of the drama bodily for any bearing it has upon the development of the story or the bringing about of the *dénouement*. I was a witness of the single performance of this piece in London and can testify to the ineffectiveness of its representation.

In "Beau Austin" we have certainly Stevenson's nearest approach to an effective drama. In spite of its unacceptable theme, it is a charming play and really interesting on the stage. A little more careful handling of the last act might have rendered it wholly successful. But still we see traces of the old crudity of technique of the toy-theatre, and still the author evidently conceived that the essence of the drama resides in rhetoric, in fine speeches. How artless, for instance, is the scene of exposition between the heroine's aunt, Miss Foster, and the maid, Barbara, in which half the time Miss Foster is telling Barbara things she knows perfectly well already, and the other half saying things she would never have said to a maid. Then, when it comes to revealing to us the recesses of Dorothy's heart, what do the authors do? They make her speak a solid page and a half of soliloquy—exquisitely composed, but, again, how rhetorical, how undramatic! So elegant is this soliloquy that I cannot refrain from citing it. Recall the position—Dorothy Musgrave is hugging a terrible secret to her breast, her betrayal by George Frederick Austin, the "Beau Austin" of the play. She has just received a letter from John Fenwick, an old and faithful lover, and her aunt has been upbraiding the girl on account of her declared determination never to marry. Dorothy, left alone, says:

How she tortures me, poor aunt, my poor blind aunt! and I—I could break her heart with a word. That she should see nothing, know nothing—there 's where it kills. Oh, it is more than I can bear . . . and yet, how much less than I deserve! Mad girl, of what do I complain? that this dear, innocent woman still believes me good, still pierces me to the soul with trustfulness. Alas! and were it otherwise, were her dear eyes opened to the truth, what were left me but death? He, too—she must still be praising him, and every word is a lash upon my conscience. If I could die of my secret: if I could cease—but one moment cease—this living lie; if I could sleep and forget and be at rest! (*She reads John Fenwick's letter.*) Poor John! He at least is guiltless; and yet for my fault he too must suffer, he too must bear part in my shame. Poor John Fenwick! Has he come back with the old story: with what might have been, perhaps, had we stayed by Edenside? Eden? Yes, my Eden, from which I fell. Oh, my old north country, my old river—the river of my innocence, the old country of my hopes—how could I endure to look on you now? And how to meet John?—John, with the old love on his lips, the old, honest, innocent, faithful heart? There was a Dorothy once who was not unfit to ride with him, her heart as light as his, her life as clear as the bright rivers we forded; he called her his Diana, he crowned her so with rowan. Where is that Dorothy now? that Diana? she that was everything to John? For, oh, I did him good; I know I did him good; I will still believe I did him good; I made him honest and kind and a true man; alas, and could not guide myself! And now, how will he despise me! For he shall know; if I die, he shall know all; I could not live and not be true with him.

She produces a necklace which she has discovered in the possession of the maid, a necklace with which the woman has been bribed by Beau Austin as an inducement to her to keep out of the way upon a certain occasion. Dorothy contemplates the trinket and says:

That he should have bought me from my maid! George, George, that you should have stooped to this! Basely as you have used me, this is the basest. Perish the witness! (*She throws the thing to the ground and treads on it.*) Break, break like my heart, break like my hopes, perish like my good name!

One cannot, I think, fail to perceive the extreme gracefulness of this soliloquy. Even finer, because it is more naturally introduced, and therefore more dramatic, is an earlier speech

of Dorothy's wherein she turns almost fiercely upon her aunt who has, in ignorance, been praising Beau Austin for his gallantries. Stop! [*cries the girl*],

Aunt Evelina, stop! I cannot endure to hear you. What is he, after all, but just Beau Austin? What has he done, with half a century of good health—what has he done that is either memorable or worthy? Diced and danced and set fashions; vanquished in a drawing-room, fought for a word; what else? As if these were the meaning of life! Do not make me think so poorly of all of us women. Sure, we can rise to admire a better kind of man than Mr. Austin. We are not all to be snared with the eye, dear aunt; and those that are—O! I know not whether I more hate or pity them.

It is not my intention to include any further extracts from this play. I should, I fear, lay myself open to a charge of unfairness by citing scenes with the sole object of proving their ineffectiveness, even tediousness. I ask you to turn to "Beau Austin" and to study the play. I ask you to read the passages—some of them great passages—of dialogue between Dorothy and Fenwick, between Fenwick and Beau Austin, between the Beau and Dorothy; and I admit that while there is much in these passages that is beautiful, much that is true and subtle, there is very little that is truly and subtly expressed. The beauty the authors aimed at was, I believe, the absolute beauty of words, such beauty as Ruskin or Pater or Newman might achieve in an eloquent passage, not the beauty of dramatic fitness to the character of the situation.

Now, I am not attacking that poetical convention which reigns, for instance, in our great Elizabethan drama. I am not claiming any absolute and inherent superiority for our modern realistic technique, though I do not think it quite so inferior as some critics would have us believe. But what I do say is that the dramatist is bound to select his particular form of technique, master, and stick to it. He must not jumble up two styles and jump from one to the other. This is what the authors of "Beau Austin" have not realized. Their technique is neither ancient nor modern; their lan-

guage is neither poetry nor prose—the prose, that is to say, of conceivable human life. The period has nothing to do with it. People spoke, no doubt, a little more formally in 1820 than they do to-day; but neither then nor at any time was the business of life, even in its most passionate moments, conducted in pure oratory. I argue, then, that even in “Beau Austin,” far superior though it be to his other plays, Stevenson shows that he had not studied and realized the conditions of the problem he was handling—the problem of how to tell a dramatic story truly, convincingly, and effectively on the modern stage—the problem of disclosing the workings of the human heart by methods which shall not destroy the illusion which a modern audience expects to enjoy in the modern theatre.

Perhaps some will contend that the fault lay in some part, not with Stevenson, but with the modern audience. I do not maintain that an individual audience never makes mistakes, or even that the theatrical public in general is a miracle of high intelligence. But I assert unhesitatingly that the instinct by which the public feels that one form of drama, and not another, is what best satisfies its intellectual and spiritual needs at this period or at that is a natural and justified instinct. Fifty years hence the formula of to-day will doubtless be as antiquated and ineffective as the formula of fifty years ago; but it is imposed by a natural fitness upon the dramatist of to-day, just as, if he wants to travel long distances, he must be content to take the railway train, and cannot either ride in a stage-coach or fly in an air-ship. As a personal freak, of course, he may furnish up a stage-coach, or construct—at his risk and peril—an air-ship. Such freaks occur in the dramatic world from time to time, and are often interesting—sometimes, but very rarely, successful. “Deacon Brodie” and “Admiral Guinea” are what I may perhaps describe as stage-coach plays—deliberate attempts to revive an antiquated form. But “Beau Austin” is not even that. It is a costume play, I admit; but its

methods are fundamentally and essentially modern. The misfortune is that the authors had not studied and mastered the formula they were attempting to use, but were forever falling back, without knowing it, upon a bygone formula, wholly incongruous with the matter of their play and the manner in which alone it could be presented in the theatre of their day.

Many authors, of course, have deliberately written plays “for the study,” ignoring—or more often, perhaps, affecting to ignore—the possibility of stage presentation. But this was not Stevenson’s case; nor did he pretend that it was. Witness the passage from Mr. Graham Balfour’s charmingly written life of his cousin and friend:

Meanwhile the first two months at Bournemouth were spent chiefly in the company of Mr. Henley and were devoted to collaboration over two new plays. The reception of “Deacon Brodie” had been sufficiently promising to serve as an incentive to write a piece which should be a complete success, and so to grasp some of the rewards which now seemed within reach of the authors. They had never affected to disregard the fact that in this country the prizes of the dramatist are out of all proportion to the payment of the man of letters; and already in 1883 Stevenson had written to his father: “The theatre is the gold mine; and on that I must keep an eye.”

Now let me recall, in this connection, the “mercantile delight” which Stevenson professes to have felt in the dream-drama enacted by the “Brownies of his brain.” How exactly that chimes in with his own remark to his father, and with his biographer’s frank avowal of the motive which inspired his collaboration with Mr. Henley. I am the last to pretend that it is a disgrace to an artist to desire an adequate, an ample, pecuniary reward for his labors. That is not at all my point. I draw attention to these passages for two reasons. Firstly because they put out of court, once for all, any conjecture that in play-writing Stevenson obeyed a pure artistic ideal, and had no taste or ambition for success on the stage. Secondly, I draw attention to them in order to indicate an

unexpressed but clearly implied fallacy that underlies them. When Stevenson says, "The theatre is the gold mine," and when Mr. Graham Balfour tells us that Stevenson felt that "the prizes of the dramatist are out of all proportion to the payment of the man of letters," the implication obviously is that the gold mine can be easily worked, that the prizes are disproportionate to the small amount of pains necessary in order to grasp them. That was evidently the belief of these two men of distinguished talent; and that was precisely where they made the mistake. The art of drama, in its higher forms, is not, and can never be, easy; nor are such rewards as fall to it in any way out of proportion to the sheer mental stress it involves. No amount of talent, of genius, will, under modern conditions at any rate, enable the dramatist to dispense with a concentration of thought, a sustained intensity of mental effort, very different, if I may venture to maintain, from the exertion demanded in turning out an ordinary novel. Stevenson's novels were not ordinary, and I do not for a moment imply that the amount of mental effort which produced, say, "The Master of Ballantrae," might not, if well directed, have produced a play of equal value. But Stevenson was never at the trouble of learning how to direct it well. On the contrary, he wholly ignored the necessity for so doing. What attracted him to the drama was precisely the belief that he could turn out a good play with far less mental effort than it cost him to write a good novel; and here he was radically, woefully, in error. And the inadequate success of his plays, instead of bringing his mistake home to him, merely led him, I am afraid, to condemn the artistic medium which he had failed to acquire.

Towards the end of his life, while he was in Samoa, and years after his collaboration with Mr. Henley had come to a close, it seems to have been suggested by his friends at home that he should once more try his hand at drama; for we find him writing to Mr. Colvin: "No, I will not write a play for Irving, nor for the devil. Can you not see

that the work of *falsification* which a play demands is of all tasks the most ungrateful? And I have done it a long while—and nothing ever came of it." It is true—it is fatally true—that he had devoted himself in his dramatic ventures to "the work of falsification"; but that was, I think, because he misconceived entirely the problem before him. The art—the great and fascinating and most difficult art—of the modern dramatist is nothing else than to achieve that *compression* of life which the stage undoubtedly demands *without* falsification. If Stevenson had ever mastered that art—and I do not question that if he had properly conceived it he had it in him to master it—he might have found the stage a gold mine, but he would have found, too, that it is a gold mine which cannot be worked in a smiling, sportive, half-contemptuous spirit, but only in the sweat of the brain, and with every mental nerve and sinew strained to its uttermost. He would have known that no ingots are to be got out of this mine, save after sleepless nights, days of gloom and discouragement, and other days, again, of feverish toil, the result of which proves in the end to be misapplied and has to be thrown to the winds. When you sit in your stall at the theatre and see a play moving across the stage, it all seems so easy and so natural, you feel as though the author had improvised it. The characters, being, let us hope, ordinary human beings, say nothing very remarkable, nothing, you think,—thereby paying the author the highest possible compliment,—that might not quite well have occurred to *you*. When you take up a playbook (if ever you *do* take one up) it strikes you as being a very trifling thing—a mere insubstantial pamphlet beside the imposing bulk of the latest six-shilling novel. Little do you guess that every page of the play has cost more care, severer mental tension, if not more actual manual labor, than any chapter of a novel, though it be fifty pages long. It is the height of the author's art, according to the old maxim, that the ordinary spectator should never be clearly con-

scious of the skill and travail that have gone to the making of the finished product. But the artist who would achieve a like feat must realize its difficulties, or what are his chances of success? Stevenson, with all his genius, made the mistake of approaching the theatre as a toy to be played with. The facts

of the case were against him, for the theatre is not a toy; and, facts being stubborn things, he ran his head against them in vain. Had he only studied the conditions, or, in other words got into a proper relation to the facts, with what joy should we have acclaimed him among the masters of the modern stage!



WHEN CALLS THE SPRING

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

*WHEN calls the Spring, and warm winds blow,
And winter-prisoned waters flow,
Myself from sorrow's thrall set free,
Walk with the brook through wood and lea,
Where daffodils and violets grow.*

*Down to the stream's goal swift I go,
Where waves swing idly to and fro,—
Down to the large life of the Sea—
When calls the Spring.*

*Gone is the sheath of Winter woe;
Birth in my spirit whispers low,—
The murmuring of things to be,
The wonders that my soul shall see,
The verities my heart shall know—
When calls the Spring.*



A Great Novel

By CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT

IN the past there have been critics so ungracious as to claim that Mrs. Humphry Ward, with all her culture, her wisdom, her lucidity of mind and distinction of style, was not a novelist born, could not, simply and humanly, tell a story that gripped the reader's heart and forced his attention and his sympathy. Such critics claimed that Mrs. Ward was essentially the novelist of the world of thought. She wrote of and for consciously sentient beings—people whose passions were intellectual and spiritual, people for whom ideas had greater force and validity than anything else in life.

It is true that "Robert Elsmere," "Marcella," and "Eleanor" lend themselves to the support of this theory, but how did such critics get around "David Grieve"? It is certain that they cannot get around "Lady Rose's Daughter."* The book has the quality of life and a most appealing humaneness. It is a wonderful achievement and a keen delight.

To say that it is far ahead of anything else Mrs. Ward has written seems ungracious in remembrance of the long hours of mental and spiritual uplift that she has given her readers. Let us rather say that it is different, and that it is as much more vital and absorbing than her other novels as the life of the heart is more vital and absorbing than that of the head.

Julie Le Breton, Lady Rose's daughter, is of the *type passionné*, one of the "children of feeling," as her creator observes in one of the very few passages where she allows herself to stand apart and speak of her characters dispassionately. In every-day phrase, Julie is "magnetic," fascinating, but the marvel is that her magnetism carries. The reader really feels it, it compels him from the page where she appears to the very end. She is always more than alive, surcharged with feeling; the

air about her is electric. She draws us as real people do, and we are in doubt about her, as we would be if we met her in the flesh. Is she a mere intriguer, a fine example of adventuress, or is she a victim of tyranny and prejudice, whose small deceits are justifiable, because through them she gains enough of happiness to make the rest of life endurable? First one supposition, then the other, seems the truth. We watch and wait, yielding affection but reserving judgment, in an uncertainty that is alive with interest. Whatever else they do, the Julies of this world never bore us.

Not only is the heroine of the novel convincingly one of those women toward whom events are attracted, one of the people to whom the dramatic inevitably happens, but all the circumstances of her setting heighten her effectiveness. An illegitimate child who has found her way back unaided to her mother's world, moving among her kindred, unknown save to a few, but compelling admiration in her dependent position by sheer force of her personality—what could be more dramatic or appealing? Her quarrel with Lady Henry, her relations with her grandfather, Jacob Delafield, the Duchess, Warkworth, her unwitting rivalry with her own frail cousin, the lapse of her social success when she goes to Herbert street, the weeks of infatuation that lead to her wild journey to Paris to join Warkworth, Jacob's interference with the step that means moral suicide, her grandfather's death, her marriage, Warkworth's death, Jacob's tragic succession to the dukedom—there is in all this an amount of action that is really sensational, an amount that no writer of less than Mrs. Ward's intellectual and moral insight could make other than melodramatic. Perhaps—we venture the suggestion with diffidence—such superior endowments of intelligence and cultivation as belong to Mrs. Ward are never so well

*"Lady Rose's Daughter." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

employed as in explaining, refining, and making acceptable to the discriminating that essential melodrama for which the best of us have a native yearning, however we may strive to repress it.

Strange and unexpected things happen in this novel, just as they are always happening in the real world. The reader rebels at some of them in passing, only to see in the end that they are right. Consider Julie's journey to Paris to meet Warkworth; she is saved from her lover and herself only by Jacob's arbitrary interference. At first glance it seems that such a mechanical salvation, thrust upon her from the outside, can have no moral value, that it must leave her rebellious and unrepentant as it found her. Surely all real salvation is evolved from within. If we do not save ourselves by refusing to do evil, of what value is it that we are snatched from the edge of the gulf? Then there is the equally arbitrary manner in which Jacob marries Julie, and the reader's perception that they do not belong together. These objections, vividly present to the mind as one reads, are gone when one closes the book.

And why? The answer seems to be that the logic, the consistency which we have a right to demand of characters moving in the world of the mind, has nothing to do with "the children of feeling." And flesh-and-blood folk in the actual world are chiefly children of feeling. They do inconsistent, illogical, unheard-of things, and do them successfully. It is all in the day's work. Nothing is out of character for them, all transformations are possible, so long as their emotions are deeply touched. This seems all wrong to those of us who read and brood upon the minor poets; it puts us to intellectual confusion—but it is true. Personality and feeling are absolute solvents of circumstance, environment, events. This is one of the chief secrets of life, and, as Mrs. Ward has just magnificently proved, of literature.

The minor characters of the story are all perfectly done, with no circumlocution nor waste of words. Lady

Henry, Sir Wilfred Bury, the Duchess, the excellent but exasperating Duke, Aileen, Lord Lackington, even his two sons who appear so briefly, are all too good to be bettered. Each contributes to the picture, increases the richness of the total effect.

Doubtless it will be said that Mrs. Ward has made great progress as a story-teller. This is true if we may define progress as motion in the direction of any good which we do not at the moment possess. What has really happened is that she illustrates in a great novel an experience which she shares with most of the over-intellectualized.

Any youth or maiden endowed with mental powers which are above the average and have been carefully cultivated to the appreciation of all that is rare and fine sets out in life with a certain Brahminical aloofness, a very unconscious alienation from every-day folk and their affairs. Both seem petty and trifling. Such young persons demand ideas as playthings and people of an equally strenuous mentality as playmates. They have no thought save to find their diversions, their satisfactions, their tragedies even, in the world of the mind. If they drift into an academic environment, they are likely to preserve this aloofness all their days, but if they are borne into the main currents of the world they sooner or later perceive that all the efforts of the intellect and the æsthetic sense are mere by-products of living, interesting and valuable, but by no means ends in themselves, and far from essential to happiness. They find that character is the great end and humanness the great quality, and that the drama of action and human feeling is a thousand times more absorbing and more fraught with consequences and meaning than any intellectual adventures and situations can be. With this discovery life becomes immensely and indefinitely enriched for them.

Now Mrs. Ward began her career as a novel writer with a distinct leaning toward the intellectual situations and adventures. To those who shared that leaning she always seemed abundantly

human as well, but other people accused her of a lack. It is true that "Robert Elsmere" is entirely a drama of the mental life, that "Marcella" is hardly less so, and that "Eleanor," more poignant and more passionate than either, is yet so overlaid with intellectual incrustations and decorations that its real drift is obscured. "David Grieve" was deeply human, but also very didactic, and, at times, slow of movement. "Lady Rose's Daughter" is even more human and is not didactic at all. It is direct, swift, sure, full of movement as of feeling. Mrs.

Ward has entered into her inheritance; she has arrived at complete expression. For the first time she shows herself clear of any hint of the trammels and tyranny of over-insistent intellectuality or over-strenuous spirituality. She is a free spirit dealing with life freely. The result is a great novel.

The extreme interest aroused by its serial publication shows that it will be recognized for what it is. The only regret of Mrs. Ward's public is that it must wait a year or two before expecting such another pleasure.

The Confessions of St. Augustine and Rousseau

By JOSEPH McCABE

Author of the "Life of Peter Abélard," "St. Augustine and His Age," etc.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU begins his "Confessions" with the large boast that he has "conceived a work that is without precedent, and that will never be imitated." Prophecy is ever a precarious function, yet the confidence of the prediction is sober in comparison with the audacity of the challenge to the past. No other informed writer of the eighteenth century could have claimed that a candid exposure of one's own career was an unprecedented achievement. For that, one needed the vanity of a Rousseau. The truth is that the two older works which were the most widely circulated in the eighteenth century, after theological works and the Greek and Roman classics, were the "Confessions" of St. Augustine and the "Letters of Abélard and Héloïse." There were in France an immense number of translations, paraphrases, and commentaries on these works. Rousseau was certainly familiar with the "Letters," because he had already written "La nouvelle Héloïse"; and one cannot hesitate to assume an acquaintance with the "Confessions" of Augustine. Indeed, it is not unlikely that it directly suggested the

title, if not the entire conception, of his autobiography. Abélard's "Story of My Calamities" had a less obvious claim to be called a precedent, though it is a confession, not an apology, as far as the chief sin of his life is concerned. Thus the writing of a literary confession of one's sins was by no means "une entreprise qui n'eût jamais d'exemple." There were two illustrious precedents before the eyes of Jean-Jacques when he penned that arrogant phrase—arrogant, because with Rousseau the very revelation of his secret sins was a subtle outcome of vanity.

Rousseau would probably have claimed that this uniqueness lay rather in the manner of the confession than in the bare fact of having made one. Even here, however, it is impossible to admit the claim without qualifications. If Rousseau goes leagues beyond Abélard and Augustine in the revelation of his frailties and his vices, we must remember that his confession was not to be published until his ears were closed forever to the laughter of men. Abélard and Augustine sent their memoirs out amongst their friends and contemporaries. Rousseau's is certainly the

longest and most varied confession of the three. That is largely because Jean-Jacques had incomparably more to tell. Schiller has told the shade of Rousseau, in deadly earnest, that he was too good for this world, and that it was better for him to withdraw to the company of "the angels, thy brothers." Most of us trust there will not be many Rousseaus in heaven. Simply, he confessed everything; so did Augustine, or very nearly. There is, perhaps, just one point on which we should like Augustine to have been a little more frank,—the dismissal of the mother of his son. What pages would not Rousseau have written on such a theme! Moreover, Rousseau's confession of his secret faults is, at times, unlovely from every point of view. We may be bored by Augustine's long dissertation on his youthful theft of pears, but few of us would prefer what even George Sand calls "the appalling cynicism" of some of Rousseau's revelations.

If, however, we cannot grant Rousseau the distinction he claims for his work, we have to admit that the class to which it belongs is no less restricted than interesting. Strong as is the impulse to secure at any price distinction in the literary world, self-accusation of so complete a character is a height, or a depth, that has very rarely been reached. The moral pathologist has always dealt with human nature in the abstract, or the human nature embodied in his fellows. At the most he has but touched his own shortcomings, as Rousseau said of Montaigne, in comfortable and conventional generalities. There have been partial confessions—the "Confessions" of De Quincey, the "Memoirs" of Casanova, and so on. These approach more or less closely, as confessions, to the "Story" of Abélard, but they remain at a wide distance from the autobiographies of Augustine and Rousseau. Now, perhaps, the day for such things is over. The autobiographers of the nineteenth century are no nearer to an imitation of Rousseau than the writers of Greece and Rome were to an anticipation of his work. Mill and Huxley shrink from such a thought no

less religiously than Newman. Almost certainly the world will never again see a distinguished prelate in the guise of a public penitent. Rousseau's prophecy could have been no more than an empty boast at the time he uttered it, but it is becoming more improbable every decade that he will ever have "a successor."

Yet it is a singular fact that the two men who are thus set apart so incontestably in the world of letters had scarcely a single moral or psychological trait in common. If we associate Abélard with them, we have a third entirely distinct type; but it is better to leave his "Story" in the wider class of partial confessions. Augustine and Rousseau have reached a similar achievement in a much closer sense. The project which Rousseau thought without precedent—"to reveal to my fellows a man in all the truth of nature"—was precisely the one that Augustine followed out in his "Confessions." Still, there is no common trait of character that is responsible for their common achievement, rare as it is. The motive has been entirely different in each case, the feeling that guided and modulated the expression was different, and the impression produced on the reader is far from identical. Each confession so clearly demands a separate analysis that one might almost hold a single critic incompetent to do justice to both; so far removed are the heart-chords that respond to each.

When Augustine began to write his "Confessions" he was already the central figure in the African Church. To understand the "Confessions" aright one must firmly ignore the conventional "Lives" of Augustine. There are, in truth, happy symptoms of a revolt of the ecclesiastical writers, but until our day the law of continuity has been wholly neglected in writing the lives of the saints. Augustine's development had been orderly, and by no means so romantically tortuous as is generally thought. For a youth of the fourth century—Christian or Pagan—Augustine had been exceptionally good. They who read his "Confessions" with discernment and a saving

tincture of the Pelagian spirit will see that he cannot entirely deny this. His boyish peccadillos are generally grudging concessions to the enterprise of his companions. He has to lie in order to keep up, in common esteem, to even the moderate standard of vice demanded by the more sober of the Carthaginian youths; with the "Mohawks" of the day (the *eversores*) he will have nothing to do. In later years—observe the perversity of even the trained ethical judgment!—a Rogatian bishop writes to chide him for his moral deterioration since their schooldays at Carthage, when he was considered "a quiet and respectable youth." There was the notorious liaison, but we must judge that by the standard of his time. He was rigorously faithful to his mistress for fourteen years; if we are to believe the priest Salvianus, such a fidelity was all but unknown amongst even the married Christians of Africa. The terrible wrench of his "conversion" was not the plucking of a sinful attachment from his heart; he was to have been married in a few months.

However, Augustine had been influenced throughout rather by his refinement of temper than by moral feeling. His conscience grew with the advance of his mind to a Neo-Platonist theism and then to a Platonic Christianity. From Plato he passed to the Epistles, and was soon wholly submissive to St. Paul's stern moral teaching. His earlier leaning to Epicureanism was totally discredited, and he proceeded quickly with the formation of the moral ideal that illumined the rest of his days. When, fourteen years afterwards, he began to write his "Confessions," he found himself regarded as one of the leading and most saintly bishops in Christendom. Unlike so many of his writings, this was a deliberately planned work, and the motive for producing it was rather complex. Augustine was too earnest and sincere to prefix an artistic and pretentious exordium, as Abélard and Rousseau did. He was writing in the presence of a very different God from that of Rousseau. Yet he is hardly consistent in his various statements as to the mo-

tive of the "Confessions." In one place he says that friends have asked for a record of his earlier career. At another time he hints that it is his aim to moderate the enthusiasm of his admirers. Probably both statements have more or less ground in fact, but there is certainly a stronger motive, which he nowhere expresses. This seems to have been a purely religious feeling: a desire partly for the spiritual profit of his readers and above all for the glorification of God. The book is mainly a didactic and theological treatise. No doubt, that is not written on its face; but one needs little acquaintance with Augustine's life at the beginning of the fifth century to see that the motives he alleges could never have induced him of themselves to snatch from his busy life the time to write twelve books with a care he rarely bestows on his writings after 395.

In his new frame of mind it cost Augustine little to confess the sins of his past life. In fact, one may discover a subtle kind of consolation in the exercise, though it may have acted, as we now say, subconsciously. To show that nature always went astray when it was uncontrolled by divine influence was not only a useful confirmation of Augustine's new theory of life, but it had a distinct element of comfort. The truth is—though Augustine naturally ignores this consequence—that nature could not be expected to act otherwise until the illumination came. At a later date, when our sober Pelagius had invaded the Roman world with his unlucky vindication of human nature, Augustine would have spoken more of the antithesis of grace and nature. At the time of writing the "Confessions" Pelagius was unknown, and so it was an antithesis of light and darkness, of supernatural and natural knowledge, of Christianity and philosophy, that Augustine emphasized. The supreme lesson of the Christian thinker to the respectable Pagan of the time was an assurance of the moral impotence of the unregenerate soul. When one had really little to confess beyond a notorious episode, it was not difficult to illustrate the Christian theory by an

examination of one's own career. No one can fail to see the deep self-abasement of Augustine in thinking of his earlier sin; yet no one can urge that he made any heroic sacrifice in writing his "Confessions." He sends the work cheerfully to his latest friends. The Bishop of Hippo was virtually a different being from the rhetorician of Thagaste and Carthage, and was fully prepared to find the latter an outcast from grace.

If this point of view lends a certain sublimity of its own to the "Confessions," we must admit that it rather lessens its value as a human document. A confession is interesting, as such, only when the penitent tells us the moral feeling and the moral struggle, if there were any, that lay behind his actions at the time he did them. This Augustine cannot do. In one place he says: "My sin was the greater in that I was conscious of no wrongdoing." That may be theology: it is not ethics. He has dropped into the familiar fallacy of the convert. He takes his new-lit conscience back over the earlier ground. In the full blaze of his later idea of God and of sanctity he recalls each incident in his career, and marks its wide divergence from the new standard of conduct. In that light the theft of a few pears casts an appalling shadow; a beautiful human friendship appears as an "immunditia"; and even the unconscious acts of his infant days are scrutinized with great severity. On the other hand, episodes that we should dearly like to know more about are dismissed with a word. How came Augustine to part with his faithful mistress of fourteen years for the purpose of marrying another? That is a point of no interest to the Bishop of Hippo, with his new theory of love and matrimony. "She was torn from my side," is all he says; and it is suggestive enough. Surely, for the credit of Augustine, there must be a psychological drama behind those few words. The usual statement of the biographer, that she became religious and made a vow of chastity, is not the only possible interpretation of Augustine's words. In any case the matter is quite

unnoticed from Augustine's later ethical point of view.

Thus the very altitude of his ideal spoils the psychological interest of his confession. He is throughout face to face with God—the work is written in the form of an address to the Deity,—and he strives to take a divine rather than a human standpoint. Byron's statement that Augustine makes one envy him his sins is utterly unintelligible. Fortunately, Augustine drops from the heavens occasionally, and mingles shrewd reflections, subtle speculations, and warm human discourse with his narrative. These it is that have secured for the "Confessions," not merely immortality, but immortal interest. The spectroscope enables us to look at the sun by dispersing the excess of its light before the image reaches the eye. One needs to use a kind of moral spectroscope when studying the unregenerate Augustine in the glowing pages of his "Confessions."

To turn from the profoundly religious story of Augustine to that of Jean-Jacques is like passing from the Spanish or Italian into the Dutch collection at the National Gallery of Paintings. You fall at once from the clouds to our familiar planet. Augustine's eye is ever on the sun, and his vision of earth is proportionately blurred and colorless. Rousseau rarely raises his eyes heavenwards, and then as a rule very incongruously. It is true that he opens his confession with a finely written address to the Deity, the "Être Éternel," as he somewhat impersonally says. But that is only impressive in a literary sense. One soon finds that Jean-Jacques's God is, like the Supreme Being of Voltaire, on whom he pours such scorn, a rather Epicurean divinity. He made the universe at some remote period or other, but he is not consulted on the present working of human life. Beautiful scenery inspires Rousseau with the thought of him and with becoming emotions, but he is quite ignored when there is question of the moral quality of actions. Like Victor Hugo's God, he sits in his *fauteuil* far away, and

takes no practical interest whatever in the comedy of life. Rousseau calmly turns his back on him as soon as he has finished his artistic exordium, and surveys the whole of his strange career from one point of view—that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. As a result, we have little sublimity in the work—though George Sand, Jules Claretie, and other commentators, find it sublime in places—but a marvellous wealth of human interest.

If, however, Rousseau is quite innocent of the anachronism of examining in the searching light of the law of God actions which were done in complete unconsciousness of that law, it may be urged that he has, nevertheless, a far higher standard of virtue at the time of writing his "Confessions" than he had at the time of sinning. That is so, in a sense. He himself tells of the moral transformation that came over him when he retired to the "Hermitage." "Up to that time," he exquisitely observes, "I had been good; from that day I became virtuous, or at least enraptured of virtue." It is fortunate that Jean-Jacques draws the distinction himself. The truth is that his new moral enthusiasm was of a very academic order. It imposed on Schiller and many another youthful idealist. M. Jules Claretie says it imposes on most of us in our twenties. One critic, who had passed his twenties, unkindly said that "Rousseau persuaded people he was virtuous in describing himself as vicious." The critic was a German writer; but in point of fact one may read many hundred pages of this strangely uneven work without suspecting the author to have any moral ideal whatever. Certainly he had no moral sense, or sense of law, with regard to love-matters. Where we find Augustine and Abélard crushed under a sense of sin, we have Rousseau regretting that he had not been *plus entreprenant*. As to the episode of his life that is closely parallel to the sin of Augustine and Abélard,—his *liaison* with Madame de Warens,—we have Rousseau speaking of their life at Les Charmettes as "the most innocent life one can conceive." Not that he ne-

glected the religious aspects of life in those days. Both he and Madame de Warens were good Catholics, and on excellent terms with their Jesuit confessors. Indeed, he prayed much at that time, and the burden of his petition was: "I only asked for myself and for her who was never absent from my thoughts an innocent and peaceful life, free from vice, from suffering, and from painful need, the death of the just and their lot in the life to come." It is not difficult to be "intoxicated with virtue" when it is so singularly accommodating; nor is it difficult to "confess." It has been said that Rousseau "had no conception of duty." He did not, at all events, recognize any higher law restraining the impulse of the fiercest of human passions, and the one to which he was especially subject. He at times makes a virtue of having avoided certain forms of vice. But it soon transpires that in this he was only influenced by the fear of disease. So through the whole gamut of sexual disorder. The truth is that, if Rousseau's enthusiasm for virtue was not used up in the writing of "L'Émile" and "La nouvelle Héloïse," there was only enough left to judge his contemporaries. It is in speaking of their conduct that his zeal becomes incandescent. In this respect he had been happier if he had been less virtuous. His later career was one long anticipation of vicious conduct on the part of his friends. It is now certain that in many cases he was wholly mistaken. Some of the plots and outrages that embittered his life and seared his soul existed only in his own imagination.

However, Rousseau could at least claim that his confession was unique in its thoroughness. He exposes without a shudder, often with a sardonic humor, hidden sins of his that would never have seen the light otherwise. At times he expresses regret; usually he seems to be merely repeating in a cynical way his preliminary announcement: "This is a man." He can smile at the earlier Jean-Jacques and pity him as well as any of us; he did not make him. It is his moral materialism

pushed to excess—almost ignoring the autonomous force within in which we find humanity. One result of this is that we have indeed such a self-depictment as the world had never seen before, whatever the future may bring. In the first part of the work, especially, we have a piece of literature that is quite unique. When he wrote this first part Rousseau was in the first stage of cynicism—almost gay and light of heart in baring the secret tablets of his memory. The second part is overcast by a profound melancholy, which makes the writer frequently ridiculous, in spite of his real wrongs. Throughout, however, he tells a story of meanness, lying, conceit, and laxity, such as the penitent whispers falteringly in the privacy of the confessional.

What induced Rousseau to write such a work? Here again he is paradoxical and inconsistent. His introduction seems to intimate that he has formed this grandiose design in the interest of scientific truth, in the spirit in which people sometimes bequeath their brains to scientific institutions. When, however, we come to the stage in his autobiography at which he has to describe the conception of the work, he seems to have forgotten the initial artifice, as Abélard does in his "Story of My Calamities."

I had always [he says] laughed, at the pseudo-candour of Montaigne, who, while pretending to acknowledge his faults, takes care to give himself very graceful ones; whilst I, who have always considered, and do still consider, myself one of the best of men, believed there was no human heart, however pure it might be, that did not shelter some odious vice. I knew that I was publicly depicted in traits which were so far from the reality, and sometimes so ugly, that in spite of the evil, which I could not conceal, I should only gain by describing myself as I really was.

So it was the eternal impulse to write an apologia that had made itself felt, and cynicism and a perverse vanity lent an unparalleled candor to the under-

taking. That at least was the chief motive of the "Confessions," though we must admit that the pen was often driven or modulated by other impulses in the course of the narrative. It seems clear that Rousseau reveals much that could not otherwise have reached the eager eyes or ears of his rivals. In this we can only see a disordered vanity, fortified by a certain dogmatic view of human nature. A work born of such a paradox could not be otherwise than paradoxical. George Sand found it "cynical and sublime in turn." M. Claretie pronounces it "at once eccentric, cruel, odious, and exquisite." I have quoted the critic who said that Rousseau persuaded people he was virtuous whilst he described himself as devoid of virtue. He also convinced many of his greatness in describing his littleness. "His strength," says Michelet, "as we find it in 'L'Émile' and 'Le Contrat Social,' may be challenged and denied; but in his 'Confessions,' his weakness, he triumphs." Schiller would have us regard his tomb as "the eternal shame of his country." Did Jean-Jacques, never very diffident, have a presentiment of this birth of an immortal flower from the ashes of his self-accusation?

Perhaps there is not a more singular instance in the literature of the world of two books standing apart in a clearly defined class, yet separated from each other by such profound differences. Even in the class of literary confessions the two are distinguished from the rest and instinctively associated with each other. And when the multiplication of books that must be read has caused the others to retire to the study of the specialist, when Abélard, Bunyan, De Quincey, Montaigne, and Casanova survive only in the history of literature, the two will continue to be read and quoted together. But, the deeper criticism penetrates into the psychology that underlies the two, the greater becomes the paradox of their association.



A Prophecy of Russia

By WALTER LITTLEFIELD

RECENT events in the Balkans seem to make more impenetrable than ever the enigma of the Russian Institution. One turns to Henry Norman's "All the Russias" * with the expectation that the author of "The People and Politics of the Far East" and "Real Japan" will do much to render a solution easy. This, however, is not the case. To be sure, Mr. Norman gives a clear, elaborate, and always entertaining narrative of what the Institution has accomplished, is accomplishing, or is about to accomplish in various departments of sociology, political economy, industry, and commerce; but Russian diplomacy remains still the sealed book it has always been.

Mr. Norman possesses peculiar qualifications for writing about "all" the Russias. In his own words, he has been studying Russian affairs for fifteen years, has made four journeys in the Empire, and has always been afforded every opportunity for observation and investigation. No one can read his book without realizing that the opportunities afforded him and the care taken of him were by official direction. Aside from the personal interest of the author in his mission Mr. Norman does not appear to have taken undue advantage of his official mentors.

What is Russia? What a myriad of widely differing answers arise in one's mind at the mere suggestion of the question! It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Norman's title is full of promise. Nevertheless, it is a misnomer. According to the chapter headings of the book only those Russias which have fulfilled certain ideals of the Institution are touched upon, penetrated, or exhaustively described. In the opening chapters on the Moscows, St. Petersburg, and Count Tolstoy, those subjects are treated of which have considerable interest for the general reader. They furnish an excellent compendium

of Russian society, architecture, religion, etc., seen at its best. They are attractive in description and charming in personalities. They pave the way for what the author has to say on the weightier questions of Russian finance, commerce, and industry, and on her international relations, particularly those with England and Germany. But many chapters intervene. Long distances are traversed. Many things are seen—along the Trans-Siberian Railway, through the Caucasus, along the Georgian Road, and in Bokhara and beyond, by the Trans-Caspian line. On these journeys the mere impressions produced in the earlier pages give way to convictions. The mind is gradually placed in a position to appreciate the statistics and arguments in the closing chapters.

With whatever prejudice the reader may enter St. Petersburg with the author, he clasps hands with him at Bokhara and Samarkand, and is ready to believe with him that Russia is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, civilizing force in the world, and that its miracles in this respect are entirely without precedent. There is no doubt of the miracles. They are to be found in every phase of Russian life; in every department of Russian endeavor—railway building, extension of commerce, augmentation of industry. One can do nothing less than admire the vastness of the undertaking and the superabundance of the accomplishment. At the same time, one requires considerable self-assertion to extract one's self from Mr. Norman's specious arguments as to how the miracles were brought about and to consider whether the highest and most enduring civilizing forces have been employed to secure those ends which will reflect most credit upon Russia and upon the human race in general.

The moment these things are considered, the reader is appalled by the revelation that what is Russian in

* "All the Russias." By Henry Norman. Illustrated with photographs made by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.

means or for ends is entirely distinct from anything else in the world, and that Mr. Norman, while seeming to describe what independently appear to be wonderful achievements of civilization is, in reality, plausibly reasoning for the humanity, the morality, and the spirituality of Moskovite means of accomplishment. Such disturbing thoughts are inevitable when one attempts to analyze Mr. Norman's method and to weigh carefully the points he emphasizes in the light of known history.

Take, for example, the case of Finland. Here is a beautiful country, a frugal, enterprising, and, for the most part, sensitive and intelligent people. It is a country of undeveloped resources in natural industries. The author does not hesitate to show wherein the Finn of Helsingfors is superior to the Russian of St. Petersburg, Moscow, or Nijni Novgorod, while, in regard to temperance, intelligence, and activity there is absolutely no comparison between the farmer or the fisherman of Finland and the Russian *muzik*. Since the manifesto of Czar Alexander I., in 1809, successive Czsars have sworn to maintain the autonomy of Finland and to preserve from violation its Constitution. As all the world knows, the Russian Institution has caused Nicholas II. to break his oath on this point. Finland is being Russianized by force. Its individuality in language, society, government, and temperament will soon be obliterated—swallowed up by the insatiable maw of the Institution. Here is what the author offers in extenuation of the hideous crime:

In human affairs there is no such thing as finality. . . . Germany broke her promises to Denmark. France broke her promises about Madagascar. To come nearer home, England had repeatedly pledged herself to evacuate Egypt, and the United States was solemnly pledged to grant complete independence to Cuba.

All this sounds well, but one does not have to be a very deep student of history to see that it has nothing to do with the case.

To that superb work of modern engineering skill, the Trans-Siberian Rail-

way, Mr. Norman does full justice from a world point of view. From a Russian point of view, he shows how it will revolutionize all industrial Siberia. But he forgets to add, from a non-Russian point of view, that a road which carries merchandise and passengers can also transport troops and munitions of war.

What Mr. Norman has to say about the Russian convict settlements must make very pleasant reading—for Russian bureaucrats. According to him, prison life in Irkutsk is a consummation of existence ardently yearned for by those who have ever become acquainted with its benign influences. There are no cells, no filth, no manacles, no starvation. The rooms are "large and clean"; the garments worn by the prisoners are comfortable; the food is wholesome. Frankly, Mr. Norman bemoans the fact that restraint under such excellent conditions is not appreciated by the Russian peasants—"a brutish, hopeless, irreclaimable mass of human animals." Apparently, it does not occur to Mr. Norman to show that a government which so handsomely provides for its offenders could, by schools and an enlightened administration, have made even its attractive jails unpopular; nor does our author invite the reader to visit with him those political prisons where Russian patriots are finding a living death and where actual death is ever welcome. These are to be found in some of the "Russias" not included in Mr. Norman's itinerary.

The life and property of the traveller, if properly placed under Russian surveillance, are now safe in Bokhara. That is one of the triumphs of Russian civilization. But the poor native, Mohammedan or Jew, is still tortured there. That is because Bokhara is not yet under direct Russian control. Here, the author admits, there is something still to be accomplished. We quite agree with him. Bokhara, with Merv, is the gate to Herat, and Herat is the gate to India. The day will probably come when the prison dens of Bokhara will be quite as inviting to the native as is the popular jail so enthusiastically described at Irkutsk. But when that day comes a Russian army

corps will be able to find quite as pleasant quarters in one place as in the other.

The journey finally being at an end, Mr. Norman sets forth his conclusions in chapters labelled, "M. de Witte and his Policy," "Russian Finance, Commerce, and Industry," "Russia and the Nations," and "Russia and England." He does not tell us what is annually expended in education, or how the revenues of the State and the loans negotiated abroad are applied to the betterment of the Russian peoples. But he presents official tables showing the vast expenditures upon the enterprises of the Institution and upon the schemes devised for extending its power and territory so that, unless some obstacle be met, what in this world is Russian will, at no distant day, be prepared to dictate to what is non-Russian.

There are two possible obstacles, however, to the ambitions of the Institution. One is internal revolution. The other is an attack from without. Mr. Norman does not tell us how Russia believes that popular ignorance is a safeguard against the first, but he expatiates upon the plans for fore-arming against the second. There is not a single enterprise, industrial or commercial, undertaken by the Institution which cannot be turned into a source of defence and, if necessary, of offence.

On the tranquil and roseate horizon of Russian destiny Mr. Norman discerns one small black spot. It is the German Kaiser. Germany, he says, has unwarrantably and deliberately placed herself across the three paths along which "Russian statesmen desire their country should enjoy unimpeded progress." In the Balkans, the Pan-Germanic movement faces the Pan-Slavonic. In Asia Minor, Germany is intriguing to secure lines of communication from the Levant to the interior. And in Central Asia, Germany wishes no Russian interference with her right of way from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf. That the German Kaiser should have the effrontery to oppose Russia's designs in these directions is, in Mr. Norman's mind, a matter of deep concern for England.

We agree with him. We agree with him also when he declares that if the Kaiser persists for any length of time in his idiosyncrasy of opposing what Russia considers as her sole destiny, a conflict between Germany and Russia is inevitable. We agree, too, with the author's logic when he points out that England, in such a conflict, would hold the balance of power. But we do not agree, and we do not believe that any Englishman will agree, with his intimation that the time has come for England to be on the safe side and place that balance of power at the disposal of the Institution.

Mr. Norman argues long and earnestly. His descriptions are picturesque and are well calculated to arouse an interest in the cause which he so enthusiastically, and with much knowledge and authority, presents. But all his eloquent periods, his subtle reasoning, and his graphic panoramas of Russian achievements do not close the eyes of the cautious observer to the fact that he, for some undiscoverable reasons, is playing a rôle; that the Russias which he omits from his itinerary are those which would reveal the fundamental principles which govern the actions of the Institution, and that these principles when once revealed would be found to be diametrically opposed to the principles which prevail in other civilized communities, whether ruled by kings, administered by presidents, or governed by the people themselves. Not one of the forces which is non-Russian can ever be assimilated with that one monstrous force which is Russian.

One may learn much from Mr. Norman's book; one may admire his subtleness and dexterity as an advocate; but one cannot come to believe that certain things do not exist because he does not mention them in "All the Russias." It is for Englishmen to discover why he champions the cause of the Institution. Americans may thank him for his *impressions de voyage*, and the interesting illustrations which accompany them, but they will surely deplore his advocacy of a cause which is so very un-Anglo-Saxon.

Théodore Botrel: A Singer of Breton Ballads

By K. L. FERRIS

IN his interesting study on Théodore Botrel, M. Lecigne quotes the following legend:

The Bretons made a splendid cradle, a cradle finely carved, wherein they laid their hope;
A beautiful cradle of ivory, gleaming with nails of gold and silver;
With nails of gold and silver gleaming, and they rock it nowadays sad at heart;
Nowadays, as they rock it, the tears flow from their eyes;
The tears flow, bitter tears; that which lies within is dead;
It has been a long time dead, yet singing, they rock it still.

What may be the age of this legend I know not, nor perhaps does any one know, but if it had been made yesterday, it could not better describe, with great accuracy or finer insight, the state of affairs existing in the country which was "Armor of Old." For Brittany is, *par excellence*, the land of things which have "been a long time dead." Old hopes, old superstitions, old faiths, old customs, old languages, every true Breton holds some or all of these to his great obstinate heart, trying to warm them to life, trying to think that, because his pulse beats full against them, it is their pulse which answers to his.

Perhaps no other country could, in this age of automobiles and airships, have produced a minstrel; but it is quite of a piece with the tissue of her thought that Brittany should possess one. He is not her first by many; it is quite possible that he is her last.

M. Théodore Botrel, *le barde Breton*, as he is called throughout France, has been famous there for five years, and his name has been growing more and more into knowledge for a decade. The path to fame is notoriously uncertain and labyrinthine in its beginnings and certainly to the Breton poet's feet it was no smoother than its wont. Monsieur Botrel, born at Dinan on the 14th of September, 1868, was the son

—and the grandson—of a blacksmith. More than one of his uncles is yet at the forge, for all the Botrels were of the same trade. His mother was a seamstress, working night and day to try to bring her full share to the little family income. And yet this valiant couple, in spite of every possible exertion, could not manage to keep a home over their heads, for life in these old countries has not always a reward in store for effort, however persistent and honest it may be. The little Théodore was a very small child indeed when, themselves forced by poverty to the city, where, if pennies are not absolutely more plentiful, the chances of employment more frequently present themselves, his parents sent him to Le Parson, his grandmother's home, that he, at least, might be sure of food and care. No doubt, this separation was regarded as exceedingly unfortunate, but, for the world at large, it was a happy chance. So young a child, transported to the life and influences of a city, could not possibly have retained the provinciality—I use the word in a good sense—which gives to Botrel's work its character and its special charm. He had the exceeding high fortune to escape cosmopolitanism. Stranded on this old Breton hearthstone (and not on this one alone, for he sojourned from time to time with his uncles in other departments of the same province), taking deeper and deeper root in Breton customs, saturated with Breton legends, he was laying the surest, the one possible foundation for the work which he, and only he, is doing to-day. He has, as indeed he himself says, drawn inspiration from the original well-spring, and therefore his songs, though written in French, ring so true, and have escaped so entirely any imitative note, that one often hears Frenchmen asserting that many of Botrel's poems are merely translations from the Breton. No better proof could be desired of the influence

of this period of his life on his developing mentality. He has written of it in one of his simple, charming poems which I wish I could more worthily translate:

When I was a tiny, wee thing,
A frail little baby—so high,
'T was grandmother rocked me to sleep
And sang me my lullaby.
Often, to give me sweet dreams,
The whole evening long would she sing;
'T is the echo of grandmother's songs
Which to-day through my memory ring.

One is often asked where Botrel, poet, musician, and actor, got his education, where he finished his studies. He is always glad to tell it. He was born in 1868, his education was finished in 1879. It was begun, carried on, and completed, like that of so many other Breton children, at the *École des Frères*, the parish school conducted by the parish priests, and he got his diploma when he was eleven years old.

After that there was no more time for study. He had to go to work. One of his uncles took him with him to Paris, where Botrel had a thrilling experience. He saw his first staircase. He told me of his bewilderment when his uncle bade him mount it. "How can I," demanded the boy, "unless they let down the ladder?" He supposed the balustrade to be the ladder. But his uncle insisted—"Montes, montes donc!" "And," said Botrel, laughing, "I went up on all fours."

The outset of his career was scarcely propitious, as we have said. There, too, for some time, he "went up on all fours." First, he worked with a locksmith, then with a lapidary. Next we see him with Lebran, a publisher of music. One wonders where, if not here, he got the knowledge necessary to the composition of the sweet little airs, often so melancholy, to which he has set many of his songs. An insurance company (marine) and a telephone company next claim his services, and, finally, behold him in a lawyer's office, where he is, if possible, worse placed than he has yet been. The military service is a heavy burden to most young Frenchmen. It came as

a deliverance to Botrel, and I am very sure of not making a mis-statement when I say that he was happier as a common soldier, little brilliant as that lot is usually thought to be, than as a lawyer's clerk.

About the year 1892 one begins to hear him mentioned as a poet—no, the word is too strong—a *fin diseur* would be nearer the truth. The world has not yet had time to forget the café which was, not so long ago, the most famous of the Montmartre collection, that café known, and very well known, as the Chat Noir. Above its door was written, "You who pass, be modern," and inside the sacred precincts all its frequenters were exceedingly, were excessively, modern in the interests of art. On the threshold Rodolphe Salis welcomed newcomers in a metaphor which was, to say the least of it, mixed. He once spoke of Montmartre as the nursing bosom which was proud to shelter the brain of Paris in its flanks! Many names of men, since famous, were first heard through the open door of the Chat Noir, those of Fragerolle, Rameau, Mac-Nab, Caran d'Ache, Ferny, among them. But Salis, though he had the gift of metaphor, had not, apparently, that other more important gift of attaching his associates to him, and this lack it was which brought about the establishment, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, of a café that, presumably to typify its enmity to the Montmartre resort, bore the name of the Chien Noir. And to the Chien Noir drifted one night, I know not how, Théodore Botrel, freed from his military service and employed in the company of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée. It is laughable and pathetic to think of him in this *fin-de-siècle* temple, he who was not, is not, will never be "modern."

My readers may soon, I hope, have the chance of hearing him for themselves. And they will not hear him without wondering how anything so pure, so sweet, so delicate as his songs could have pleased the jaded palates of the Montmartre world accustomed to dishes spiced after quite another fashion. Perhaps because of that very

thing. It was a bizarre début for the young Breton, his mind teeming with the poetry and sadness of his native land, his heart overflowing with "the echoes of grandmother's songs."

He did not altogether escape the infection, however, although he took it very lightly. The songs which he composed at that period are, according to M. Lecigne, "made of contrasts and

of oppositions," and are by no means free from that species of wit which is known as the *plaisanterie gauloise*. And yet I am sure that what there is of this vintage must be hateful to the poet to-day, and must, even in that day, have been a tribute to necessity, for I know of no other young French writer whose work is so clean, so fundamentally wholesome, and so sound.

The Advertisement of Anonymity

By OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IT would necessitate too hardy a plunge into the mysteries of psychology to discuss all the reasons why, from the Book of Ecclesiastes to "The Confessions of a Wife," anonymity has been so popular a resource among authors great and little, arrogant and modest, valorous and discreet. It is quite safe, however, and extremely significant, to point out that the results of publishing unstamped literary wares are now quite the reverse of what they were in the beginning, or, for that matter, a century ago. Formerly a veil behind which modesty might blush unseen, the use of anonymity, which is no longer taken over-seriously, now serves, curiously, as a kind of public challenge. A book which, if its author were known, might be read with entire calmness, if not with yawns, has only to be published anonymously to precipitate a popular frenzy. Few contemporary books are intrinsically as interesting as the speculation as to their authorship is held to be, an unclaimed book almost sufficing as its own recommendation,—advertisement, even, if the word be not too offensive. Nor is interest in these not too elusive riddles lessened by the knowledge that the answers are certainly forthcoming. Perhaps, indeed, the most satisfactory feature of this very modern variety of guessing contest is that it concerns itself with no insoluble mysteries,—anonymity has nowadays but the briefest powers of endurance.

It would plainly be unfair to attribute to every author publishing anonymously the desire for this very effectual style of self-advertisement. Nor, indeed, could the most deep-laid plot of author or publisher succeed in the absence of the contemporary zest for this particular form of mild excitement; without which the clamorous vogue of the series of anonymous experiments that have punctuated the past few years might never have been heard. One recalls that "The Aristocrats" was a particularly successful test of these conditions. As for "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," "The Letters of Elizabeth," no one can pretend to believe that these volumes, whatever their merit, would have received so flattering a surfeit of attention had they been conventionally owned at the outset. Nor will it be supposed that "The Confessions of a Wife" would have met with as fervid consideration if it had been claimed in the beginning by, for instance, the author of "Gates Ajar."

Of all "literary" sensations, perhaps the least literary is that aroused by the publication of anonymous "confessions." The effect of the appearance of such a book as "The Journal of Arthur Stirling"—which is, at least, anonymously edited,—to take the most recent instance, is to suggest a most uncomfortable doubt as to whether one is reading a grimly terrible "human

document,"—the swan-song of a new Chatterton,—or succumbing to the appeal of a singularly ingenious and painstaking imposture. That such a doubt should arise at all betrays, of course, the suspicious frame of mind into which we have all innocently fallen. Accustomed to being humbugged and rather enjoying the experience, we are hardly to be blamed for scenting humbug in the most literally recorded tragedy. There may quite conceivably have been an "Arthur Stirling": to have lived in sordid poverty, to have written a blank-verse tragedy, and to have been rejected by nine publishers is unhappily by no means a unique distinction. It is the question of the probability of "Arthur Stirling's" having in a manner foreseen his own death from the beginning and addressed, calculatingly, with perfect sequence and continuity, to the public that should one day mourn him, the ghastly record of his daily tortures,—that puzzles the discomfited reader. And so long as this uncertainty exists, it happens that such a book as this "Journal," impressive if not original in idea and convincing in its local color, appeals to three classes: those who accept it as a human document, those who believe it merely a clever performance, and those who are absorbed in a lively speculation as to which of the two it may most plausibly prove to be. Such is the commercial value of anonymity.

Obviously these are delicate matters. One may not be dogmatic in discussing them. Yet it should be apparent to the least astute that a book dealing with subjects in the least degree unusual, intimate, or capable of sensational interpretation, may appear far more unusual, intimate, or sensational if the author, for any one of a thousand reasons, conceal his name. The most righteous of editors and publishers are no doubt aware of this. The least righteous may at some time or other have taken advantage of it. Editors and publishers are but human and not all authors have independent fortunes.

It is edifying, at all events, to contrast the present sharply curious attitude toward anonymity with the

politely indifferent one that prevailed not so very long ago. Mrs. Ritchie observes, in discussing Thackeray's early pseudonyms, that Michael Angelo Titmarsh was the "droll shadow behind which my father loved to shelter himself. In Mr. Barrie's life of his mother he tells us how she wonders that he should always write as if he were some one not himself. Sensitive people are glad of a disguise and of a familiar who will speak their thoughts for them." Though the latter remark may be true, it may hardly be inferred that all anonymous writers, nowadays, at least, are "sensitive" in this sense. Are "confessions" of all sorts published anonymously because of their writers' sensitiveness? Thackeray himself did not experience this variety of sensitiveness, once he had achieved his reputation.

Something more than half a century ago M. Philarète Chasles called attention in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to the great bulk of English anonymous literature, remarking that during the eighteenth century hundreds "have deliberately sacrificed their vanity to their interest or their passion." Happily for authors, such a sacrifice, imperative, of course, in much political writing, as in the most famous instances of the Drapier Letters and the Letters of Junius, is no longer necessary or even possible. It might be reasonably difficult to discover, within recent times, an authentic case of sacrifice of literary vanity, and with good reason; the authorship of a fresh series of Letters of Junius would be discovered in a month by modern methods. From which it appears that as the device of anonymity has become increasingly futile and meaningless, it has increased in superficial fascination.

There are two reasons why the total bulk of anonymous literature, which M. Chasles found so surprising, has shrunk considerably. One is, obviously, the difference in political conditions which has quite eliminated caution from the public expression of opinion. When it is as safe to publish a political invective as a spring poem, why deny oneself the sweets of acknow-

ledged authorship? While a parallel and even more interesting development is the open courting of fame by women writers, most of whom once considered it quite brazen to acquiesce in publicity. Where "poetesses" once signed their verses with initials or with gentle floral pseudonyms, and where such women as the Brontë sisters once jealously guarded their anonymity, feminine signatures are now flaunted with entire self-possession and no reservations whatever. The present generation of authors, including the "anonymous" ones, are almost past comprehending that, as the *Saturday Review* observed, in reviewing, twenty years ago, Halkett and Laing's "Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain,"—a book which was "like the revelation of the secrets of the grave,"—"there was the feeling that it was below the dignity of a gentleman and repulsive to the modesty and dignity of a gentlewoman to appear in print and be talked about."

It is perhaps not so remarkable that this old-fashioned reticence should have disappeared, as that the fascination of anonymity should not have died out with it. For it is still true that, as the *Saturday Review* remarks in the same article, "nearly every well-known writer has published something anonymous during his life and, which is more remarkable, almost every anonymous work worth reading has been by a writer either already well-known or destined to become famous." Christopher Marlowe is among the great names who have dallied with this subtle pleasure of anonymous publication. So are Suckling, Defoe, Swift, Smollett, Fielding, and Southey; so are Lord Lytton, Lord Brougham, George Eliot,

Washington Irving, Charles Kingsley, Anthony Trollope, Sydney Smith, and Mrs. Gaskell,—a sufficiently varied company. Modern instances occur not infrequently, as when Mark Twain published anonymously his "Joan of Arc." Still more plentiful are the cases where famous writers have begun their careers under pseudonyms, from a natural desire to test their own powers and the public temper. Tennyson did this, and one recalls Waverley and Boz and Yellowplush. Contemporary writers who employ pseudonyms that do not pretend to disguise their identities are countless. Clergymen, in particular, are given to affecting this not altogether baffling disguise; while writers of boudoir literature, who still feel, possibly, that fame is "repulsive to the modesty and dignity of a gentlewoman," are almost without exception screened behind pseudonyms. "Ouida" and "The Duchess" have set examples which their respective schools have faithfully followed.

The author who may be sporting with the temptation to produce an anonymous sensation may fortify himself by recalling that some of the world's greatest literature is anonymous and that his name is, after all, by no means essential to his fame. Who knows who Homer was? or who wrote the greater part of the Bible? or whether Bacon masqueraded as Shakespeare? Add to this consideration the sufficiently demonstrated fact that an anonymous book is likely to receive ten times the attention that is bestowed upon one signed with a familiar name,—and the allurements of anonymous writing seem almost too great to be resisted.



The Comic View

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

THE comic is Dissonance viewed from the Imperturbable. Life is a *contretemps*. Life is a encounter between I Would and Thou Shalt Not. Life is Mind out for a lark. Life is what you will, but the hiatus between what you will and what you don't get is the great motive for the humorous in art, literature, and the magazines.

Spencer says laughter is caused by a "descending incongruity." In plain English, a "descending incongruity" is an unexpected tumble. Man describing a parabola as he slips up on the banana peel of Chance is the cause of that inextinguishable laughter that reverberates from Olympus to Broadway. George Meredith tells us that the comic is the laughter of the Reason. And reason, he might have added, is the laughter of the Emotions.

The smile is the scintillant light that sparkles on the tear. The comic is the tragic viewed from the wings. Humor is the Tabasco sauce that gives life a flavor. It is mirth that keeps us sane.

The tragic is ridiculous because it has no sense of proportion. The Tragic View measures man against man. The Comic View measures man against the universe. One records the collisions of personality. The other records the impact of the mischievous molecule against the Irrevocable Cosmic. The Tragic View is defective because it takes itself seriously and bombards Eternity with its whimperings. The Comic View is perfect because it takes nothing seriously, chucks the Menacing to devouring Time, and impales the Inevitable on a smile.

The Comic View is exhilarating. It mounts the barricades of Limitation with a hop-skip-and-a-jump. It knows the value of all things. Science? Mere mumblings in a vacuum. Life? A parenthetical affirmative between two negatives. Honor? a bauble for babes. Love? Vascular excitation. Morality? a clever device of Grafter

princeps—the State. Tra-la! Hoop-la! Hold up your paper hoops, Master of Ceremonies, and see Merryandrew dive through them and slit them into tissue shards.

The Comic View is the Cosmic View. The world of Time and Chance is as meaningless as "Sordello." The Demiurge, the world-creator, is the Browning of celestial mechanics: Ideas without style. The world is chaos dramatized. The Earth is the Farnese torso among the sculptured planets. Life is a problem in contingencies. Nothing eventuates. Actions are webbed nothings spun by a syncopated Spider. Time is a loafer playing at tenpins. And whether you drink, or sleep, or make wry faces at Demigorgon, or shy spitballs at Fate—it is all the same. You dissolve at last in fine smut.

So get the Cosmic-Comic View before you slough off and snuff out. Peep at yourself *en passant*. Look at your meaningless gyrations and silly circumvolutions from a perspective. Stop your sulking and come up the Engadine. Sitting recumbent in your stews, you taint the air dowered with light. Your disappointments are bacterial. You litter the things that devour you. Your sighs are miasmatic. Your liver has got in your eye and your heart in your boots. Take Time by his pronged horn. Get flush with the Spirit that abides.

The raucous guffaw of Rabelais reverberates to this day. The silvery rill of Cervantes—who dragged Prometheus from his rock and set him tilting at windmills—is Spain's immortal contribution to the Comic View. The dry smile of Molière—Presto! ladies and gentlemen, behold Tartuffe under the table!—lingers on French letters. The metallic chuckle of Mephisto—I believe it was his chuckle that saved Faust! And even the sardonic grin of Aristophanes is as broad to-day as it was when it first split his lips.

These are the wondrous mirrors that image the human *contretemps* and flash back our calamitous comicalities. Here mankind is skewered on the poignant wit of genius. Could we read Balzac at a single sitting the best of us would forever renounce life. How grotesque are our days! How aimless our actions! How petty our passions! The "Comédie Humaine" is a picture of a huge animal chasing its tail.

Louis Lambert mistook the cataleptic trance for the Kingdom of Heaven! Père Goriot gave up all for love and died of starvation! Old Grandet desired gold and wallowed in it; his daughter Eugénie desired love and died a pallid virgin. And yet Lowell says "God may be had for the asking!" Balzac knew better: It is the gods who may be had for the asking.

Man darts out of negation and begins to scratch the ground like a chicken out of the egg. With what care he builds the house of life! With what seriousness and pride he goes about his daily tasks! He begins each day at exactly the same place he began the day before. But being serious, he lacks omniscience. He builds as though it were for eternity, as though Death—the joker in the stacked pack—did not lie in wait for him. His house is suspended in air, and for every brick he puts on the edifice a brick at the bottom drops silently into space. He is a mechanical figure moving on a grooved stage between the right wing of despair and the left wing of *ennui*. His spiritual tympanum has been destroyed in the great Boiler Factory. Else he would renounce and smile.

To reach the Comic Height you traverse the Valley of the Shadow. The Country of the White Lights is reached only through the Land of Ultra-Violet Despairs. You first wander through the pits of implacable negations and beneath sickly, pitted suns, and keep tryst with Succubus.

The Pinnacle of the Ludicrous is at-

tained only after having won all sorts of nasty opinions of yourself. The little peeping double on high is evolved in travail. In early life our theories of personality are geocentric and our social universe is Ptolemaic. On our dear tear-mildewed souls we mirror the earth and the fatness thereof. Everything revolves around us. The Self is garbed as Hamlet. What eyes behold us! How our every action is recorded! We manufacture utterly absurd moral systems that we imagine others think we ought to live up to. We shed oceans of tears because Ourselves don't like Ourselves. The very stars we believe to be spy-glasses pointed straight at our mewling and puking souls. O the agonies of the Self-Conscious—the parturition of Self from Self! Ego, like protozoon, multiplies by fission. Each new thought is born with the Evil Eye.

But sudden on a day the black garb is doffed—we know not how. Tears cease to flow, and the sob ends in a squeak. We are aware of a synthesis, an amalgamation, a blending as of many waters.

It is the miracle of perspective. What was all this pother about? Who is this blubberer? I turn aside, watch myself come and go, and now smile indulgently at my antics. Funny little fellow, you there—erst myself—with your labors and loves and mouthings! Hi, little fellow there, come amuse me; give me a jest or break a bottle with me; sing me a funny woe-begone serenade beneath Dolores's window; or let me see your funny little legs sprint to the tomb. Hey there! little manikin that once I thought a giant Thor, what deviltry will you be up to tomorrow?

There is a wail in the night. A babe is crying for the moon. The wail has ceased; the babe has cried itself to sleep. This is often called renunciation. But the Comic Self on high smiles. He knows.



Heart-to-Heart Talks with Authors

By CAROLYN WELLS

Rupert Hughes: You are always so clever in all that you undertake, that I am not surprised to find a successful historical novel among your latest achievements. It is quite evident that you took a great interest in writing the book, for the character of John Mead is a fine conception, carefully drawn. The other characters, too, are, for the most part, vivid and convincing, but the story is so imbedded in a dull catalogue of political reminiscences that, to reverse Mr. Dooley's immortal phrase, it is convincin' but not intherestin'. Why need historical novels be so prolix? Five hundred pages seems to be a fair length for them, while delightful romances in lighter vein aggravatingly break off at about page 250. But I think you realize the pity of it, for in "The Whirlwind" you feelingly remark: "You must be miserably tired of this war. And so am I." Still, "The Whirlwind" is a strong description of a strong character, and perhaps vigor and strength of modeling are rather to be desired in one's work than more arrestive qualities. And, too, it is comforting to reflect that now, having done the inevitable historical novel, you will doubtless return to the pursuit of some other branch of your versatility, or even set foot in an untrodden path. For your boys' books are rattlingly well done, and your shorter work has a quick, light, assured touch that makes for good reading.

Molly Elliot Seawell: Why, in the name of all that is inky, do you renounce the short story, which you can do so well, in favor of the long story, which is really more than you can manage? "Francezka" is full of eighteenth-century atmosphere, and French atmosphere, at that; the costumes are beyond reproach, from the lace lappets to the red-heeled shoes; the still-life is carefully drawn,—curving marble balustrades and huge porcelain stoves being blocked in with a careful arrange-

ment of high-lights; and yet, so slow is the action, and so unconcentrated the motive, that I often pause to wonder what it is all about. It is spun out to nearly five hundred pages, which is the correct length for historical novels this season, but if you had spent on short stories the time you must have devoted to this tale, I'm sure the world would have been the better for it. A very interesting detail is about the man who had a choice between receiving a hundred kicks in the stomach or having his ears cut off. It must have been fearfully hard to choose.

Lynn Roby Meekins: Your hero, Adam Rush, is a truly surprising young man. It is not often one finds a country boy running away from the farm and mother to seek his fortune who can talk like this:

"I am looking for work. I realize that I have no special training, that my education is deficient, and that I do not know town or city ways. I have come from a place where, so far as I can see, there is no future for me, to seek a place where I can find a career. I hope by diligence and by being faithful to the interests of the man or house that employs me to do better all the time and thus to win my way."

Now these are sentiments worthy of a Rollo or Little Lord Fauntleroy and expressed in diction which Professor Matthews or Professor Peck could scarcely improve upon. It is therefore with an admiring deference not unmixed with awe that we pursue the further fortunes of Adam Rush. That his physical prowess is quite equal to his mental ability, you show by the statement that he caught two young men who would have pommelled him, and "dragged them toward the town." This mode of procedure not being swift enough for Adam Rush, he "put them on his shoulders and marched boldly up the street." Surely this is the stuff of which heroes are made.

John Bennett: "Barnaby Lee" is great, and I am glad you wrote it. Of course, while it ran as a serial in *St. Nicholas* it was supposed to be for children, and few grown-ups read it. But in book-form and with its characteristic pictures, it is really fine. Not that the pencilled pictures are a bit more illustrative than the penned ones. Your colonial men and women and your scenes of old New Amsterdam are as vivid and convincing as Mr. De Land's ships, windmills, and fascinating interiors. Your book is good work,—honest, careful, worthy work, and shows, withal, a sweet, sunny, cheery atmosphere that is alluring to young and old alike.

Florence Popham: Did you mean "The Housewives of Edenrise" for a humorous book? Because it seems to be of the order which Pope or somebody called "a wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits." Viewed as a humorous book it is a bit dull, but looked upon as an ordinary story it is rather funny. To me, the child, Amabelle, is the gem of the collection, and among the *enfants terrible* of fiction she could easily hold her own. Amabelle's mother, too, who is the Nominative Case of the book, is a nicish sort of woman, especially in the pleasant comrade way she has with her husband. Although the book, as a whole, reads like a protracted "minutes of the last meeting of the Women's Pose Club," still it is bright in spots, and the spots are close together.

Roy Rolfe Gilson: It's no use. You can't write child-stories like Kenneth Grahame or Josephine Dodge Daskam, so you may as well stop trying. To begin with, your people are n't refined enough to have their children subjected to the fierce light that beats upon this modern form of child-picturing. "The Imp" or Muffin Harold knew nothing of spankings and of brown switches which hung behind doors. They never heard of "wild men who

lay in wait for little girls and boys to eat them and drink their blood and gnaw their bones!" This sort of thing does not look well in the nursery mirror which is held up to child-nature by the above-named lady and gentleman. Also, your use of the second person is confusing and not at all impressive. But it is doubtless necessary, for the impersonal "one" has been overworked of late, and pronouns count for so much in recent light rhetoric.

John Kendrick Bangs: In "Mollie and The Unwiseman" you have reeled off another book that any child might be glad to own. I don't see why imitators of "Alice" are adversely criticised by some people. I think the books that travel the well-worn path first trotted over by Alice's little feet are among our best juveniles. And, after all, since children want books of nonsense adventures, and since these adventures must happen to somebody, what other plan is there but to choose a nice little girl or boy, or both, and provide a lot of absurd and nonsensical creatures for their amusement? Mollie and The Unwisemen are among those in the first rank of your somewhat numerous funny people, and the pictures in your book are especially good. I cannot help feeling that sometime this particular field of literature will be entirely gleaned, for though the harvest is yet plentiful, the laborers are many, and by the same token, they be most marvellous rapid workers.

Mrs. H. H. Penrose: For pity's sake, my dear woman, why did you ever write the book called "Chubby: A Nuisance"? "Chubby: A Disaster," would have been a truer name, for of all ill-advised, unpleasant tales it is certainly the worst. It may be you hoped it would serve as an awful example to cold-hearted and unnatural mothers. But fine ladies of that class are not apt to read books of "Chubby's" style, and so your laudable purpose is likely to be defeated. The pictures are even worse than the text.



When the Books of the Year Met on the Bargain Counter

By ELIZABETH GANNON

THE Winding Road lay by The Waters of Sicily. It was one of those Wolfville Nights when it took Hearts Courageous to enter The Lane That Had No Turning.

The Shadow of the Czar and The Shadow of the Rope crept along The Ragged Edge of The River.

In The Dark of the Moon one could hear The Wind in the Rosebush and the baying of The Hound of the Baskervilles. The Leopard's Spots could be faintly discerned on The Speckled Bird.

By The Gate of the Kiss stood Audrey, in Lavender and Old Lace, and The Wings of the Dove were folded.

Out of the West came Mary MacLane driving The Devil's Plough along The Blazed Trail into The Good Red Earth, digging up both The Desert and The Sown. At The Red House, The One Before The House with the Green Shutters, she paused and peeped through A Hole in the Wall. Here she found Sport Indeed. The Intrusions of Peggy upon The Reflections of Ambrosine added Fuel of Fire to The Tempting of Father Anthony, who In the Way of a Man was listening to Little Stories of Married Life from Hezekiah's Wives.

Then she heard The Confessions of a Wife, and saw The Herr Doctor administer The Insane Root as A Remedy for Love. She saw clearly that they Wanted a Chaperon to suppress The Misdemeanors of Nancy, and turned aside to call Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch from her Content in a Garden.

There in The Great White Way to The Eternal City stood The Maid at

Arms wearing The Helmet of Navarre and carrying A Broken Sword.

The Unsocial Socialist demanded The Right of Way, claiming it as The Way of the West. Captain Macklin came to The Rescue in A Pasteboard Crown and brandishing A Fiery Sword. The Kentons, The Two Vanrevels, and The Strollers gathered about. Some one questioned The Conqueror, but Oliver Horn spoke In Defence. The Virginian had known The American at Oxford. But for this Circumstance, The Prince of Illusion might have escaped identity.

Turning to A Girl Who Wrote he said: "Some Women I Have Known tell me you sing A Song of a Single Note. They may be Melomaniacs, but you are My Captive and must Come with Me Into Babylon."

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall whispered to Hope Loring that None but the Brave could have said that.

Facing about, The Infidel said: "In the Name of a Woman I claim The Last Word. I am going back to The Strenuous Life in The Country God Forgot. The Kindred of the Wild In the Forest are better company than The Aristocrats. I abandon Fame for a Woman and Temporal Power."

Our Lady of the Barge stepped from The Ship of Dreams as The Casting of Nets by The Spenders was making The Mississippi Bubble. Being The Millionairess she said "I Will Repay," and handed the affronted captain The Blue Flower.

Then The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton glided up in The Fiery Dawn and put an end to the discussion of The Diary of a Goose-Girl.



Some New Books—Fact and Fiction

These books* require little more than an announcement, for both distinguished authors have been before the public and the exceptional quality of their work is generally known. Professor Heilprin points out that Mount Pélée is one of the volcanoes on line

"The Earth Trembled."

of the thinnest section of the earth's crust, that the immediate cause of the eruption of the volcanoes on the Antilles is the readjustment of the Caribbean basin, and that the loss of life at St. Pierre and other towns was due to a hot blast—a tornado of superheated air and ash which swept down from the crater of the volcano. He draws also an interesting parallel between the destruction on Martinique and the ancient catastrophe of Pompeii, throwing much light upon the latter. Mr. Kennan, who was of the same expedition, agrees with Professor Heilprin. His account, though briefer and not charged with scientific details, like Heilprin's, is strong and graphic. History gives no record of such an appalling disaster wherein over thirty thousand people perished in less than three minutes. Mr. Kennan's theory of the destructive hot blast that in less than three minutes killed these thousands, is that the superheated stream issuing from the lateral fissure of the volcano was discharged as from an enormous cannon in the direction of St. Pierre. This theory explains why the "tornado" burned the flesh underneath the clothing, while it did not set fire to the garments or to the timber-work of the houses. Both writers agree that there was perhaps no explosion of gases, no blast of flame. Professor Heilprin points out that the discharge of sediment from Mount Pélée amounts to one quarter of Martinique above the level of the sea. What may be the consequences of the vast cavern thus left below, who can foretell? Indescribably grand are the descriptions of both these writers of their experiences near the crater of the volcano during the eruptions. We leave these magnificent narratives to the readers of the books themselves. We only lay our tribute of admiration before those heroic men who took

their lives in their hands for the sake of science, humanity, and the diffusion of knowledge.

C. J. Wood.

Mr. McCabe demonstrated the high quality of his work in the life *Abelard*, which appeared a year or more since, and in this book* he does not fall below his own standard. Casting

Brilliant Psychology.

aside the conventional biographies of the saint, the author gives his life as a man, and writes without bias. It is at one and the same time a psychological and historical study well, even brilliantly done. At the same time it must be admitted that Mr. McCabe is not an adorer of St. Augustine.

C. J. W.

There is no more conspicuous feature of this book† than its writers' unusually sensitive sense of social contrast, one instance of which is their persistent setting of the "woman who toils," by which they mean the woman factory-laborer,—against the woman who does not toil, the woman of leisure. It is too much to assume that the book was written for the sake of emphasizing this contrast, yet the authors' real purpose remains obscure. Not, however, because they have failed to state it, but because they have stated it so often and so variously. Mrs. Van Vorst speaks of helping "this unknown class whose oppression we deplore" to "find a moral, spiritual, æsthetic standard suited to their condition in life," which is, of course, not meant as snobbishly as it sounds. Again, she expresses her desire to "act as mouthpiece for the woman laborer." In one place, she says of her undertaking, that she was "sure of its utility, inspired by its practical importance," and in another,

The Laborer and her Hire.

that she "considered this purpose visionary and unpractical." Miss Van Vorst is vaguer than this.

"There are no words too noble to extol the courage of mankind in its brave, uncomplaining struggle for existence," she begins; and concludes: "The time is securely past when the manufacturers' greed may sweat the laborers' souls through the bodies' pores in order that more stuff may be turned out at cheaper cost." Is this really the case? And, if so, why is it stated that the laboring woman

* *Mount Pélée and the Tragedy of Martinique, A Study of the Great Catastrophes of 1902, with Observations and Experiences in the Field.* By ANGELO HEILPRIN. Lippincott. \$3.00.

The Tragedy of Pélée, A Narrative of Personal Experience and Observation. By GEORGE KENNAN. Outlook Co. \$1.50.

* *St. Augustine and His Age.* By JOSEPH MCCABE. Putnam. \$2.00.

† *The Woman Who Toils.* By MRS. JOHN VAN VORST and MARIE VAN VORST. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

is "condemned to slow death,—mental, moral, physical death!"

One turns from the hopeless confusion of the introductions to the book proper, which is the chronicle of determined effort on the part of both women, to investigate, through participation, in fields of labor known to the sociologist and the statistician only in terms of figures. Mrs. Van Vorst, who, whatever her purpose, brings to her work genuine intuition, sympathy, and humor, relates a personal experience that covers work in a Pittsburgh pickle factory, in a shirt factory in Perry, N. Y., and in various clothing manufacturing in Chicago. Miss Van Vorst's experiences in Lynn shoe-shops, and South Carolina cotton-mills were still more typical. In each case the writers laid aside their own personalities, obtained work unaided—their success in this is astonishing,—faithfully underwent their dreary novitiate, and in the intervals between thirteen-hour factory days, lived, slept, and ate side by side with the women they were thus intimately able to study. To undergo these hardships and, in many cases, real dangers, required stern courage. Inevitably, also, to women of cultivated perception it opened a vision of much that was dramatic, picturesque, as well as much that was ghastly and terrible. Inhumanly speaking, it was "copy."

Miss Van Vorst draws no conclusions from her experience, except to conclude her description of the hideous conditions in the cotton-mills by a very natural plea for the abolition of child-labor. Within the space of two pages she prophesies both a speedy industrial millennium and a revolution led by labor. After living for weeks with the laborers of Lynn, she is able loosely to refer to "the abnormality, the abortion, known as Anarchy, Socialism."

Mrs. Van Vorst has digested her material a little more thoroughly. Her main point, in summing up, is undoubtedly one of serious economic importance: "The women were divided into two general classes: those who worked because they need to earn their living, and those who came to the factories to be more independent than at home. . . . The men formed a united class. They had a purpose in common. The women were in a class with boys and children. They had nothing in common but their physical inferiority to man." From which she sensibly concludes that "the self-supporting woman should be in competition only with other

self-supporting industrial units," and recommends that the non-self-supporting wage-earners be attracted into a field of work which does not yet exist and which must be created for them,—that of industrial art.

Many readers will be irritated by the ultra-romantic, fairy-princess attitude of these chapters. The writers refer continually to "class" distinctions, and by frequent implications they misrepresent the feelings of decent intelligent society toward overworked women. Miss Van Vorst even dwells on such confessions as these: "Luxuries are to me what necessities are to another." . . . "I belong to the class of the woman who . . . would pull her dress from the contact of your clothes—" (she is apostrophizing the laboring woman)—"turn no look of sisterhood to your face. . . . I am one with the hostess capable even of greeting her guest with insolent discourtesy, did such a one chance to intrude at an hour when her presence might imperil the next step of the social climber's ladder."

In her investigations at Perry, Mrs. Van Vorst discovered many young women who shrank from marriage because it would cut short their independence. It is her observations on this point which led to President Roosevelt's widely advertised prefatory letter. This letter is not so much a discussion as a denunciation, in Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous style, of "the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage," and who is, he declares, "a criminal against the race." "If the men of the nation," is his warning, "are not anxious . . . to be fathers of families, and if the women do not recognize that the greatest thing for any woman is to be a good wife and mother, why, that nation has cause to be alarmed about its future."

A book of so conglomerate a nature does not demand criticism of its style. But while parts of it are ably written, there are others that give evidences of haste in the writing.

O. H. DUNBAR.

Although the majority of New England's literary celebrities would not lead one to suppose it, these six much-bewritten States do possess a rural aristocracy that does not, even in fiction, "sit in the kitchen"; that boasts no low comedy types; and that does not speak a gnarled dialect. It is the life of such a miniature community, tradition-bound, provincial from principle rather than from imperfect cultivation and disproportionately

feminine, that Miss Collin has reproduced. With an art in which an austere reserve, a rare faculty of selection and an almost too relent-

lessly subordinated humor are equally manifest, she has skillfully paralleled the intensity of *Putnam Place's** emotional existence and the placid elegance of its manners, its old mahogany, and its point of view.

It is situations, emotional crises, rather than plots, on which these stories turn. And in each case there is a maximum of effect with a minimum of apparent effort and of tortured adjective. Yet the simplicity is not that of mere obviousness or in every case of directness. There is an indirectness that is not obscurity, and that has an appeal of its own.

The brief introduction perfectly epitomizes the charm of the book. One needs to know no more than that *Putnam Place* is "an end in itself"; and that its residents regard as companions the wine-glass elms that "have partaken of the human experiences that have gone on within their shade." Of the twelve stories which follow, none is so complete and eloquent as that of "The Pastor,"—that emulator of the missionary Whitefield, who after long years devoted to the fund that at last successfully served to "renovate" his church, was encouraged to resign because he permitted gypsies to camp out in the churchyard. "A Time to Sew" is an adroit picture of the morbid mental and emotional state of the spinster seamstress whose arrival with her sewing machine "was an event to be anticipated in security, but in patience, like the procession of the equinoxes"; but whose days lay behind her like "the scattered buttons from a broken button-string; the web of her life had been snipped into patches to piece out others' weaving." The author has given fullest play to her humor in "The Quarrel,"—an altogether delightful record of a series of episodes affecting the friendship of two women. Men, quite naturally, played little part in the concerns of "Putnam Place."

The importance, in the life of "the Place," of its animals, its trees, the very aspect of its houses, is told with a delicious whimsicality. Deacon Pollock's house was unprepossessing; "its gable of shining shingles gave an effect of sleekly parted hair, and the two windows beneath, with muslin curtains below dark shades, suggested disparagingly rolled eyes;

while the gable of the piazza roof repeated the drooping lines of the deacon's pursed, sour mouth."

Putnam Place is an unusually promising "first book." O. H. D.

Mr. Connolly's sea water is real sea water, not a solution of rock salt in Croton nor that species of literary brine which is mixed thick with strange sea oaths known mainly to yachtsmen. His Gloucester fishermen* talk as fishermen do talk—ordinarily in language intelligible to a landsman. Better than any other writer Mr. Connolly has caught the spirit of these men. In doing this he has somewhat neglected the sea itself. He has restrained himself from descriptions of the sights and sounds and smells of the ocean for the sake of presenting his characters. With them the changes of the sea are matters of commonplace to be taken for granted, and Mr. Connolly is artist enough to let his personages take them for granted in their talk,—most of the stories are made up of experiences told by the fishermen themselves. That he can write a good description of a gale is evident in the introduction to "The Crow's-nest." But the heroes of his yarns are men, not waves or winds. The book is a series of hero tales; it is a book of hero-worship. It is mainly concerned with the daring of the Gloucester fisherman in carrying sail through a heavy wind. This phase of life in the fishing fleet has been thoroughly and adequately covered in this book, but there are many phases of that life yet untouched, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Connolly will find time to cover the rest of this field.

M. H. VORSE.

"Boys will be boys" says somebody in one of Mr. Karl Edwin Harriman's excellent *Ann Arbor Tales*.† "And what about the girls?" he is asked. "Oh—they will be, too—sometimes," he replies.

There is a good deal of illumination in this short dialogue, on the much-argued question of co-education. Do the best of girls, in their natural sympathy, tend to develop sweaters, slang, and other masculine characteristics, and is this desirable—in a best girl? The wife of an Ann Arbor Professor,—herself the most feminine of women, was a little while ago

* *Out of Gloucester*. By JAMES CONNOLLY. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

† *Ann Arbor Tales*. By KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN. Jacobs. \$1.20.

* *Putnam Place*. By GRACE LATHROP COLLIN. Harpers. \$1.50.

stoutly upholding the system. "It is the finest thing in the world for the boys," she declared.

Tales out of
School

"Then you will send Elizabeth to College here?"

"Elizabeth?" she replied, chillingly; "certainly not. My daughter is going to Vassar."

This is one great difference between the Princeton, Yale, and Harvard Stories and Mr. Harriman's new Ann Arbor series. The stories are well constructed and well told, and are welcome in that they bring the University of Michigan into line with the other big colleges. Barrie says that all authors begin in the depths of pessimism and work gradually toward a less careworn view of things as their teens recede; but Mr. Karl Edwin Harriman seems to be a veteran. He has himself well in hand, and in two of the tales, "The Making of a Man" and "The Day of the Game," he touches tragedy lightly, while in the short nocturne cast in the form of a play he handles his comedy soberly.

In one of the stories, perhaps the most thoughtful of all, we have a study of a state of affairs which arises oftener in the University of Michigan than in any of our Eastern colleges,—the picture of a young man whose parents, of the poorest laboring class, have given their very lives indeed that their splendid young son should have the benefit of a college education. Their heroism, unfortunately, has not the effect of making them less personally objectionable; and what the young man feels and decides, and what the ubiquitous girl thinks about it, are problems which the author handles with a nice balance. The "Case of Catherwood," on the contrary, is very good fun, and not the less so because it leaves you guessing.

Altogether, the book is well done, and if there is a lack of the mad spirit of romance and hero-worship which carried Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's *Princeton Stories* along,—if we are forced to see that while these new undergraduates have a friendly regard for their U. of M., none of them is hopelessly in love with her. This is perhaps clearer proof of Mr. Harriman's cleverness, and his power of seeing things as they are.

GRACE E. MARTIN.

The Pride of Tellfair * is an interesting little story of a few months in a small town of northern Illinois. The town is inhabited by very human beings, and their story is told with sincerity and sympathy. No startling events take place, but the greatest thing that *can* happen to any of us comes about in just the casual, stealthy, remorseless way that we oftenest see it. "In his life" the hero "had seen, perhaps, four women whom he thought he could love," but still he seems to be surprised that the process of "imperceptibly drawing away" from the old love is not easy; and there are (happily) so many kinds of minds and so many kinds of hearts in this world, that some of us wonder why he "draws away" from the fourth, whose easy, dainty, feminine character is excellently drawn. She has the courage of her simplicity, and the refinement of honesty, while Josephine's mysterious and costly foreign culture does not seem to work well in Tellfair.

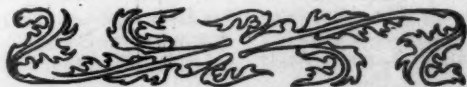
Morris Davenport, the hero, is fond of preaching, and he tells us why the country is preferable to the city. He says the character of city people is not developed evenly; that they have no individuality; and that towns produce a race of nonentities. In Tellfair every one knows (because he tells every one) that he fears Bertha is in love with him, but that he thinks he is going to fall in love with Josephine. Josephine talks it over with Bertha, and Bertha discusses it with him. All this is very true, and no doubt very humanizing, but there are timid souls who are willing to live and die nonentities if they may keep their unhappy little love affairs sacred.

The book is written with such confiding frankness that we are unavoidably interested in everybody, which is probably the blessing gossip brings with it. We even want to remonstrate with Josephine for making that cherry pie for herself when her sister had typhoid fever. But Josephine did not suffer from "nerves."

Tellfair is a real town, and the simple story of a few of the inhabitants is of quite surprising interest, even to the nonentities who live in cities.

G. E. M.

**The Pride of Tellfair*. By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE. Harpers. \$1.50.



The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of *THE CRITIC*, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editor.

ART

Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job. In Twenty-one Plates. Invented and Engraved by William Blake. Published by the Author, March, 1826. Issued in facsimile by G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.00.

The engraved work of William Blake, so forceful in its imaginative qualities and so untrammelled in its technique, will always be of absorbing interest to those who follow the by-paths of art. It is with unmixed pleasure that one welcomes these twenty-one plates carefully reproduced in facsimile and in every respect worthy of the originals. As engraver and as poet Blake is too little known. The man who of all Englishmen possessed in richest measure the gift of vision has himself remained in obscurity.

Potter—The Art of the Vatican. Being a Brief History of the Palace, and an Account of the Principal Art Treasures within its Walls. By Mary Knight Potter. Illustrated. Page. \$2.00.

A carefully compiled and satisfactory account of the Vatican collections. The author confines her energies to describing clearly and fully the chief treasures, without indulging in critical analyses or poetical effusions. Liberal use of standard authorities has been made, and the illustrations are both numerous and appropriate. The descriptions of the recently opened Appartamento Borgia, which were decorated by Pintoricchio and his assistants, form not the least valuable portion of the book.

Smith—Barbizon Days. Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Barye. By Charles Sprague Smith. Illustrated. Wessels. \$2.00.

A rambling, invertebrate book for whose existence it would be difficult to formulate an excuse.

Van Dyke—The Meaning of Pictures. Six Lectures Given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By John C. Van Dyke. Illustrated. Scribner. \$1.25.

Professor Van Dyke's placid sermonizing upon art finds full scope in the present volume, which is more than usually characteristic of academic decantation. The book contains nothing that has not been thoroughly thrashed out during the past generation, and little which was of initial consequence.

BELLES-LETTRES

D'Annunzio—Francesca da Rimini. By Gabrielle D'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Symonds. Stokes. \$1.00.

Mr. Arthur Symonds's translation of this poetic tragedy, which has made more stir than any since the production of "Hernani," is as limpid and skilful as one might expect poet to make from poet. It would be difficult to praise too highly this supple and exact rendering of an original which presents innumerable linguistic pitfalls, and which breathes in every line the most fragrant and elusive poetry.

Chateau—L'Ane, Le Singe, et Le Philosophe. Pas Henri Chateau. Librairie des Ma-thurins. Dujarric et Cie., Éditeurs. Paris. 3 f. 50.

There is much pith to these Socratic dialogues between Donkey, Monkey, and Philosopher, into whose mouths M. Henri Chateau puts sound and significant remarks upon art, science, religion, and the social fabric. Under a playful exterior M. Chateau probes deeply and discusses many pertinent questions. The allegorical element is well sustained and never becomes heavy in the hands of a writer who is at once so varied and so resourceful as M. Chateau.

Dante—Ad Astra. Being Selections from the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. With Illustrations by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. Russell. \$5.00.

It cannot be said that these decorations enshrine very much of the true spirit of the "Divina Commedia," yet they answer the purpose of making a book which is superficially attractive.

Mable—Under the Trees. By Hamilton W. Mable. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

Those who like to fancy that they live close to nature and who take pleasure in seeing her prettily arrayed will welcome this new book of Mr. Mable's. There is poetry in all things, in "Earth and Sky," in "The Heart of the Woods," in "The Mystery of Night," as well as "Along the Road" and "Under the Apple-boughs" and in "An April Day." The delicate marginal illustrations of the book give to it the final touch of fancy and other-worldness that makes it a thing of beauty.

Pinero—Iris. A Drama in Five Acts. By Arthur W. Pinero. Russell. \$1.00.

It is a wholesome thing to have printed versions of what seem to be significant contributions to the modern drama. Plays which might otherwise appear important shrink to their proper proportions in cold type.

Wager—Life and Repentance of Marie Magdelene. By Louis Wager. University of Chicago Press. \$1.00.

From the original edition of 1566-67 Mr. Frederick Ives Carpenter has drawn this quaint Morality Play. The introduction, notes, and glossary are all admirable, and the book is a very decided credit to the University of Chicago Press.

BIOGRAPHY

A. M. F.—Tales of My Father. By A. M. F. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

This is a collection of reminiscences told to the author by her father. Many of the tales are not without their special interest, but they are in curious juxtaposition. The first few chapters contain anecdotes of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cumberland, and many other well-known personages. You are taken to Hanover, to Berlin, to Brussels, to France. The strange history of a "Father R." occupies a good many more chapters, and equally strange Polish stories fill the remainder of the volume with ghostly legends and weird traditions—illogical and uncanny, but fascinating.

Bunker—Soo Thah. By Alonzo Bunker, D.D. Revell Co. \$1.00.

"Soo Thah" was one of the results of the author's success in Christianizing the hill-tribes of Burmah, India. Dr. Bunker offers the book as the true story of a Karen boy who grew up to be a Christian teacher and powerful man among his own people. The characters "are all true to name and life," and the story is simply and readably told. Though perhaps especially adapted for young readers, it is full of quaintly interesting information, and is really a picturesque presentation of missionary work in India.

Mitchell—The Last American. A Fragment from the Journal of Khan-Li, Prince of Dimph-Yoo-Chur and Admiral in the Persian Navy. Presented by J. A. Mitchell. Stokes. \$1.50.

A second edition of this book, an *édition de luxe*, illustrated in color by F. W. Read, with decorative designs by Albert D. Blashfield and illustrations by the author.

FICTION

Clifford—Margaret Vincent. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Harper. \$1.50.

"Margaret Vincent" is an English story of the type in which matters are so inextricably entangled as to make the reader believe such complications impossible in real life, until he happens to stumble on experiences even more involved under his own observation.

Countess—Comments of a Countess. Lane. \$1.00.

"The Comments of a Countess" is the fag-end of a crop of would-be satires on society in England. Some of these have been amusing and vulgar, some have been vulgar without being amusing. "The Comments of a Countess" is somewhat vulgar and leaden in its dismal attempt at wit—wit that reminds one of *Punch* at its deadliest.

Dunbar—The Sport of the Gods. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

This is a story of the negro by one of the race who has enjoyed exceptional advantages. It is a protest against the unsophisticated provincial black's desire for metropolitan life, the fascination of which makes him the sport of the gods, to his speedy undoing. It is a plea for saner ideals, a recognition of intrinsic worth as against the show of things. But, unpleasant in atmosphere, weak in dialogue and construction, it has melodramatic climaxes and unrealized characters. "It's only the independent who depend upon others," and "None are so dull as the people who think they think," are the nearest approach to epigram. Viewed with larger charity, the book is yet very commonplace, and is interesting chiefly as the product of a member of a newly emancipated race. Since, however, Mr. Dunbar has done better work in his poems and short stories, there is still promise of worthier things.

Eustis—Marion Manning. By Edith Eustis. Harper. \$1.50.

"Marion Manning" is a fairly interesting novel of Washington life, showing the political intrigues of a man to whom ambition was everything. The scenes are laid in Mrs. Manning's Southern home, in Washington, in New Hampshire, and in California, and the story turns to a large extent on the Ship-Subsidy Bill. The character of Mrs. Walford, who was in love with Marion's husband, and that of Cousin Electa Manning of New Bristol, New Hampshire, are among the best in the book.

Foster—The Heart of the Doctor. By Mabel G. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

As a study of Boston's Italian quarter, "The Heart of the Doctor" shows sympathetic observation and an industriously kept notebook. But in the effort to supply her story with a plot, the author has resorted to an exceedingly hackneyed and wooden love-story and has determinedly introduced a morphine-fiend and a murderer. The prominence of this material is unfortunately such as to obscure the book's good points.

Hume—The Pagan's Cup. By Fergus Hume. Dillingham. \$1.25.

In this remarkable story the only son of a lord is stolen in infancy by his nurse-maid—

which ought, by itself, to be sufficiently exciting for the average reader. But the author, who is a man of resources, gives generous measure, pressed down and running over.

Ingoldsby—The Ingoldsby Legends; or Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire. Illustrated by Herbert Cole. Lane. \$1.50.

The altogether quaint and characteristic illustrations by Mr. Cole form ample excuse for the reissue of these famous legends.

Kirk—A Remedy for Love. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

"A Remedy for Love" is rather a long short-story than a novel. It is graceful, polished comedy, and satisfies by its confident, experienced touch and its air of reticence and good taste. There is no vulgarity, boisterousness, strong emotion, poverty, sordidness, in the world through which this little company trips with dainty precision. "A Remedy for Love" completely fulfils the object for which it was written.

Miller—The Prophet of the Real. By Esther Miller. Taylor & Co. \$1.50.

The dangers of marrying one's wife for copy, particularly if she be the daughter of a murderer, are pointed out to all novelists in this story of Anthony Verschoyle. Jealousy of the red-haired "other woman," misunderstandings of all sorts, even brain fever, are episodes that precede the final reconciliation. The author writes with confidence and enthusiasm, but is hardly equal to her extraordinary plot.

Paris—An English Girl in Paris. Lane. \$1.50.

This little book is one of the best of the rather feeble lot of social satires that have lately been published. The humor is not strained, the observation of people and things amusing and often even clever. It is certain that the author has read Gyp with profit, and that the *p'tit chou* is a first cousin of the impossible *p'tit Bob*. Among the dismal array of historical novels and "studies of life" and the like, the "English Girl in Paris" shines like a star. Its author has after all performed an author's whole duty, for she has written a book which is amusing.

Saunders—John Kenadie. By Ripley D. Saunders. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The story of John Kenadie, "Being the story of his perplexing inheritance," begins and ends with a Shadow that flickers through the book—the shadow of John Kenadie's inheritance. What that inheritance is, the reader is left to guess; and this is the chief charm of the book. It begins with the first chapter and the first paragraph. If the awful secret, when at last it is out, is a little less dreadful than the reader has been led to hope, it is perhaps only because the imagination of even the average reader can outrun the most skilful pen.

Swift—The Game of Love. By Benjamin Swift. Scribner. \$1.50.

This "Game of Love" is played in England between the daughter of Lord Barfield and a disgraced son of Sir Philip Woodbridge, who occupies the temporary menial position of groom to Lord Barfield. The atmosphere of the story is out of doors among horses, in the market of Covent Garden, and in the London room of a miserly uncle who eventually dies and leaves the erring but noble lover all of his fortune in bonds and jewels. Dorothy Barfield is quite like other heroines in fiction who are bound to one man and love another, but she is none the less attractive, because we have learned through long years of reading to know her so well.

Thackeray—The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Walter Jerrold. With illustrations by Charles E. Brock. The Virginians. In three volumes. Dent, Macmillan. \$3.00.

Like most books issued by Mr. Dent, the present edition of Thackeray is charming as to type, make-up, and illustrations. Mr. Jerrold, Mr. Brock, and the publishers have combined in making a Thackeray which will certainly appeal afresh to Thackeray lovers.

Tolstoy—The Death of Ivan Ilyitch, and Other Stories. By Leo Tolstoy. A New Translation from the Russian by Constance Garnett. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$2.00.

It is with distinct pleasure that one welcomes Mrs. Garnett's efforts to do for Tolstoy what she has already done so admirably for Turgenyev. There have been several English versions of these same tales, but none which compares in fluent accuracy with the present translation. The clear type and dignified and attractive make-up of the volume are a relief after the cheap appearance of most translations.

HISTORY

Funk-Brentano—Cagliostro and Company. By Frantz Funk-Brentano. Translated by George Maidment. Pott & Co. \$1.50.

This is a sequel to the author's "Diamond Necklace." The famous crime connected with that costly ornament called forth a heap of disreputable literature—*des ordures*, as the French say—towards the end of the eighteenth century. Everybody concerned was squirted at with the vilest sewerage in these lovely publications, Marie Antoinette included—Marie Antoinette especially. Dumas wrote a novel on the subject, entitled "Le Collier de la Reine." The present volume is not a romance, but simply a compilation from whatever documents the author believed most credible.

Linn—The Story of the Mormons. By William Alexander Linn. Macmillan. \$4.00.

The defects of this book are as striking as its good points. It contains a mass of valuable and, incidentally, interesting information; in fact, Mr. Linn all but exhausts his subject. As

far as the bald facts are concerned, the book may be considered authoritative. Far different is it with the interpretation of these facts. The Mormon movement—that strangely curious product of extreme religious fervor in an age of extreme scientific realism—is just as mysterious now as it was before we had this huge volume of over six hundred pages.

Every educated man will agree with Mr. Linn that the movement was an unhealthy one; from our standpoint retrograde and socially demoralizing. But no fair-minded man will adopt his view that the whole movement was based on hypocrisy and deceit. *Nil nisi malum* is his motto. To indict an entire nation is a huge blunder; to indict a body of over a hundred thousand people is scarcely less so. We can condemn a movement, but this condemnation does not necessarily include its leaders, and much less so its followers. We can have a number of combinations; the verdict may be against one, against two, or against all. In each case the degree of guilt may vary. We agree with Mr. Linn that the movement was unprogressive, we agree with him that the leaders were ignorant charlatans, though we would credit them with more sincerity than he does; but the bulk of the Mormons braving privation and death in search of their promised land in the wilderness must have been sincere. Mr. Linn cannot analyze; he condemns one and all. Mormonism was the product of certain social conditions; these conditions—not the leaders, Smith, Rigdon, and Young—produced the movement. What these conditions were, what spiritual cravings were satisfied by the new religion, Mr. Linn does not explain. We read too much in his book of the leaders, too much of external conditions, too little of the people and their religious life. The successful historian of Mormonism need not be a Mormon,—preferably an impartial Gentile,—but he must try to get at the Mormon viewpoint; he must have some sympathy, and must not condemn indiscriminately merely because he cannot explain. He must try to understand the movement, and bring to his assistance the best results of sociology and psychology. Above all, he must avoid Mr. Linn's sin of emphasizing the evil, and ignoring the good.

Martin—The American Merchant Marine. Its History and Romance from 1620 to 1902. By Winthrop L. Marvin. Scribner. \$2.00.

A distinctly satisfactory book. It is the outcome of twenty years of such study as the student gives to the theme that lies nearest his heart. In presenting it to the public the author has rendered his country a great service, and placed every American citizen in his debt. This is no mere hyperbole. The rehabilitation of our merchant marine is one of the most important public questions of the day. The author traces its rise, under favorable laws, until our carrying trade became second to that of England, and the American flag was familiar to every sea. Having attained its zenith, he shows how, under malign influences and adverse legislation, it gradually declined,

till finally the American flag practically disappeared from the ocean. He dispels the popular delusion that the Confederate cruiser, *Alabama*, swept our commerce from the seas. It is the Congress of the United States that is responsible for the loss of our carrying trade.

It is to be regretted that with his profound study of the subject the author has not given some definite plan for the revival of our foreign-going shipping. He argues against "free ships"; Ship Subsidy is potent, but not omnipotent, he declares. And to say that our merchant marine will revive "when the American people demand it," does not appeal to one as a business proposition. "Patriotic sentiment" (page 435) cuts a very small figure in the business world.

MISCELLANEOUS

Baldwin—The Book Lover. By James Baldwin. McClurg. \$1.00.

A new edition—the thirteenth—of an excellent little manual, revised with additional matter, including new lists of books carefully selected for various classes of readers and various lines of reading and study. We know of nothing better of the same kind and compass; and the continued call for new editions proves that its merits are widely appreciated.

Betts—The Leaven in a Great City. By Lillian W. Betts. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The leaven of a great city Mrs. Betts finds, not among its church members, nor even among its Settlement workers and philanthropists, but among the wage-earning class of the very poor, the people who are self-supporting and self-respecting, but who live always so close to the margin of life that the slightest change of conditions endangers them. The home standards and social relations of these people—as well as the various experiments that have been made in connection with them—are described with a wholesome common-sense and optimism that go far to recommend the book.

Ellacombe—In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere. By Canon Ellacombe. Lane. \$1.50.

The author of "My Vicarage Garden" is of the school of Gilbert White and Isaak Walton and Sir Henry Wotton, not because he imitates them, but because he writes in a simple, natural way of the things that he loves. Doubtless he might have written more strikingly if he had looked upon his garden as material for art and had tried conscientiously to make the most of every blade of grass and stalk of mullein. But the tired reader thanks the Lord that he did not, that he only wrote "straight on" of the things that he knew and loved. The result may not be remarkable, but it is restful.

Hazelton—The National Capital; Its Architecture, Art, and History. By George C. Hazelton, Jr. Illustrated. Taylor. \$1.50.

A sober and painstaking history of the Capitol is hardly what one would expect from the sparkling author of "Mistress Nell," but Mr.

Hazelton, who has been by turns lawyer, actor, and playwright, is nothing if not versatile. He seems to do anything well, and this book is no exception.

Hutchinson—A Friend of Nelson. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Longmans & Co. \$1.50.

The aim of this book—and we know not if to dub it flesh or fowl or good red herring—is to supply the full, true, genuine, Simon-pure, yet hitherto lacking links in the attempted assassination of Lord Nelson. The obscure chain of incident leading thereto is stated to have formed a portion of the narrator's own life. His name, Mr. Hutchinson, merely the editor, it is at once apparent, prefers to suppress. Fact, fiction, or the twain—it has the charm of all and any—the book is not unprofitable reading.

Mallory—Lenox and the Berkshire Highlands. By R. DeWitt Mallory. Putnam. \$1.75.

Those who love that part of Berkshire round about Lenox will find interesting reading in this book of Mr. Mallory's, which includes not only the history of the region, but an account of all the interesting people who have lived in that region.

Nichols—English Pleasure Gardens. By Rose Standish Nichols. With Eleven Plans, Drawn by Allen H. Cox, and nearly 300 Reproductions of Original Photographs and Drawings by the Author. Macmillan. \$4.00.

In this day of Garden Books galore it is something to have added to the list one which is so full of variety, charm, and fascination as the present volume. Miss Nichols has had the grace to give her subject perspective, the earlier chapters on Classic and Medieval Gardens being particularly interesting. There is throughout the book a happy blending of the literature of garden lore with the purely descriptive matter. A refreshing novice in the art of expression, and a somewhat immature draughtsman in black and white, Miss Nichols nevertheless gives her work an appeal which rises above such details. The illustrations are numerous and well reproduced, and the book seems assured of a wide welcome.

Potter—The Citizen in his Relation to the Industrial Situation. By Henry Codman Potter, D.D., E.L.D. Scribner. \$1.00.

Some years ago Mr. William E. Dodge presented to Yale University a fund, the income of which was to provide for courses of lectures on "The Responsibilities of Citizenship." The selection of Bishop Potter as a lecturer under this foundation was an exceedingly happy one, and in turn the same may be said of the subject chosen by the lecturer, for it is one to which he has for many years devoted his time and energy. While the hand of the amateur is often visible, especially so in the historical paragraphs, the book can be recommended as a sane, suggestive, and helpful contribution to a better understanding of the industrial situation. The standpoint of the author is naturally not that of the scientist, but that of the Christian minister.

Richmond—The Mind of a Child. Richmond. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

This is a book which contains some good ideas on the bringing up of children. The ideas are obscured in a mass of words, and are further shielded from the reader by an almost impenetrable style.

Singleton—Social New York under the Georges. By Esther Singleton. Appleton. \$5.00.

The author plunges directly into the eighteenth century. For that period there is a good deal of ephemeral material to draw upon, and she has quarried with good judgment. Not neglecting even the implied information of the advertisements, she has brought to light many items which have direct bearing on the social and economic view of New York as a loyal English colony. The illustrations, more than a hundred, add to the real value of the sumptuous-looking volume, as they are made from objects actually in possession of descendants of their owners. There productions of jewelry, china, ornaments, and furniture of authenticated dates are exceedingly interesting. How they enjoyed pomp and ceremony in those days! It is delightful to know that at King's College the English valedictory was "genteely addressed to the most respectable parts of the audience and gracefully delivered by Mr. Philip Livingston" and that "the whole was conducted with a great Propriety Decency & Order & to the Satisfaction of a Numerous and Polite Audience."

Before the century had reached its prime there were already many regrets that the good old time of simplicity had passed and that the city was overfond of money-getting and luxury. "All other nations have each their favorite luxury, as the Italian his pompous palace, the Pole his splendid equipage, etc. But our taste is universal," laments one city father. And the spirit of rich New York has not changed.

Wheeler—How to Make Rugs. By Candace Wheeler. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.

An elementary little handbook, excellent in so far as it goes, treating rug-making more from the industrial than the aesthetic standpoint.

Wheeler—The Baby, his Care and Training. By Marianna Wheeler. \$1.00. Harper. \$1.00.

From the number of books written on the subject it would seem that one part of the world were busily engaged in writing instructions to mothers on the bringing up of their children, while the other part, the mothers, were engaged in bringing up their children in the good old ways that have obtained ever since the Dark Ages, and before. Miss Marianna Wheeler, Superintendent of the New York Babies' Hospital, has written one of these books of instructions, which is among the best of its kind. It is a book which should be of great service to the young mother, for it takes up in a clear and concise way the important questions of feeding, clothes, fresh air, etc.

POETRY AND VERSE

Askham—Moods and Outdoor Verses. By Richard Askham. Elder & Shepherd. \$1.00.

For Mr. Askham's volume, a virgin effort, Edwin Markham has written a pleasant foreword. Mr. Markham notes "traces of that highest of all powers of the poet—imagination" in the verse of the young Englishman whose sponsor he is. There is a touch of this quality in the opening poem of the book, but in the selections which follow we have failed to find it. We have encountered an admirable earnestness, with an occasional sunny play of fancy, but nothing more.

Binkley—A House of Days (Sonnets and Songs for). By Christian Binkley. Robertson. \$1.25.

Several of Mr. Binkley's sonnets possess a quiet charm, the one entitled "A Rainy Day" being perhaps the most meritorious. The songs, however, are singularly pointless, and lack the saving touch of verbal felicity.

Ford—Every Day in the Year: A Poetical Epitome of the World's History. Edited by James L. and Mary K. Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60.

More than four hundred pages of poetry—much of it being of the best, some of it not so good—arranged under the days of the year, and referring to people and events connected with the dates. Under some days only a single poem is given: under others from two to seven pieces are grouped. Indices of first lines, of titles, and of authors are appended, filling almost twenty pages.

Hand in Hand. Verses by Mother and Daughter. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.

There is much excellent work in this attractive blue-covered little volume. The verse is by no means of an ambitious type; it is modest, unassuming, straightforward, and sincere. That by the hand of the Mother is naturally the more thoughtful, that by the Daughter has naturally more buoyancy. Both manage the sonnet with considerable ease, but by both a greater degree of success is attained in the simpler and freer lyrical forms. Had we space, it would be a pleasure to quote the Mother's telling "Playing with Fire," and the daughter's lilting yet pathetic "The Woman's Share."

Lindsay—A Christmas Posy. By Lady Lindsay. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. 3s. 6d.

The original verses in Lady Lindsay's attractively bound collection are prettily commonplace; the translations are scarcely more than ordinary.

Shelley—The Sensitive Plant. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Lane. 50 cts.

This is No. XIII. of the "Flowers of Parnassus" Series. The illustrations by F. L. Griggs are appropriate, but in no wise remarkable.

Street—Song and Story. By Lilian Street. Nutt. 3s.

There is some very engaging lyrical writing to be found in this chastely made volume. It is keyed in a plaintive minor, much of it; certain phases of the greatest of human passions, love, supplying the themes most insistently played upon. Our preference is strongly for the briefer poems. Where a flight of any length is attempted, the writer's powers seem to flag, while in efforts of a dozen lines, or less, there is almost unfailingly sparkle and force.

Tabb—Later Lyrics. By John B. Tabb. Lane. \$1.00.

Father Tabb is a master of poetry in miniature. The hand must be very sure to work successfully within the compass to which he confines himself. There must be no slips, no flaws, or the blemishes will stand out with glaring distinctness. But Father Tabb is a trained and skilful craftsman, and it is quite likely that some of his poems "in little" will be read when productions far longer, and now accounted great, are dust,—or at least are covered with it.

Upson—Westwind Songs. By Arthur Upson. Brooks. 75 cts.

Mr. Upson can turn a sonnet, a rondeau, or a lyric of almost any form with deftness, with delicacy, and sometimes with abandon. If, however, he would cull with greater care from his garden of posies it would be well for him—and for his readers.

Waterman—In Merry Mood. By Nixon Waterman. Forbes. \$1.25.

Homely, good-natured newspaper verse of the better order,—this well describes Mr. Nixon Waterman's efforts at rhyming. It is the work of Riley without that poet's inimitable magic,—the indefinable something which the followers of the singer of "Knee-Deep in June" never attain.

TRAVEL

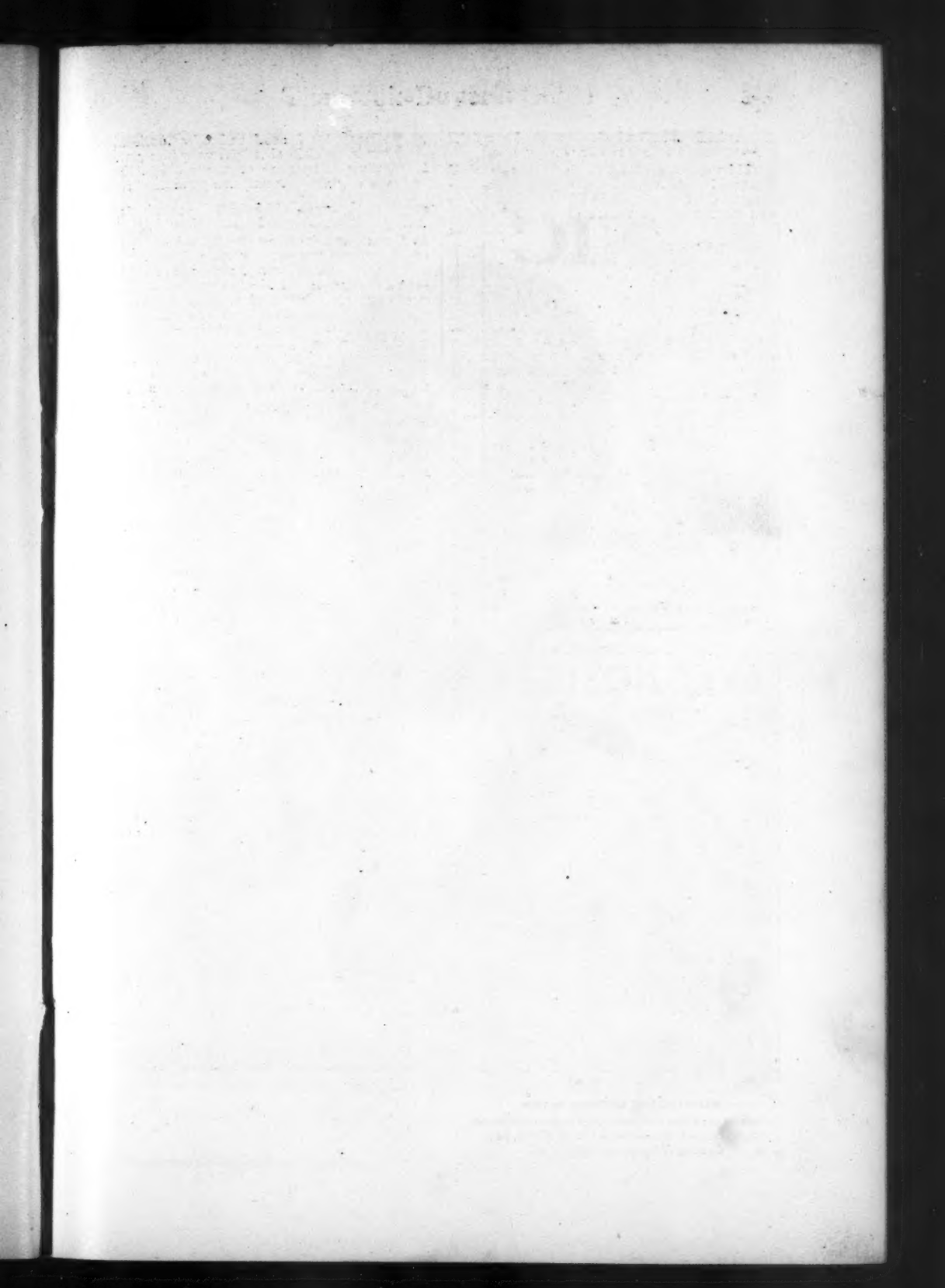
Blashfield—Italian Cities. By Edwin Howland Blashfield and Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. In two volumes. Illustrated. Scribner. \$5.00.

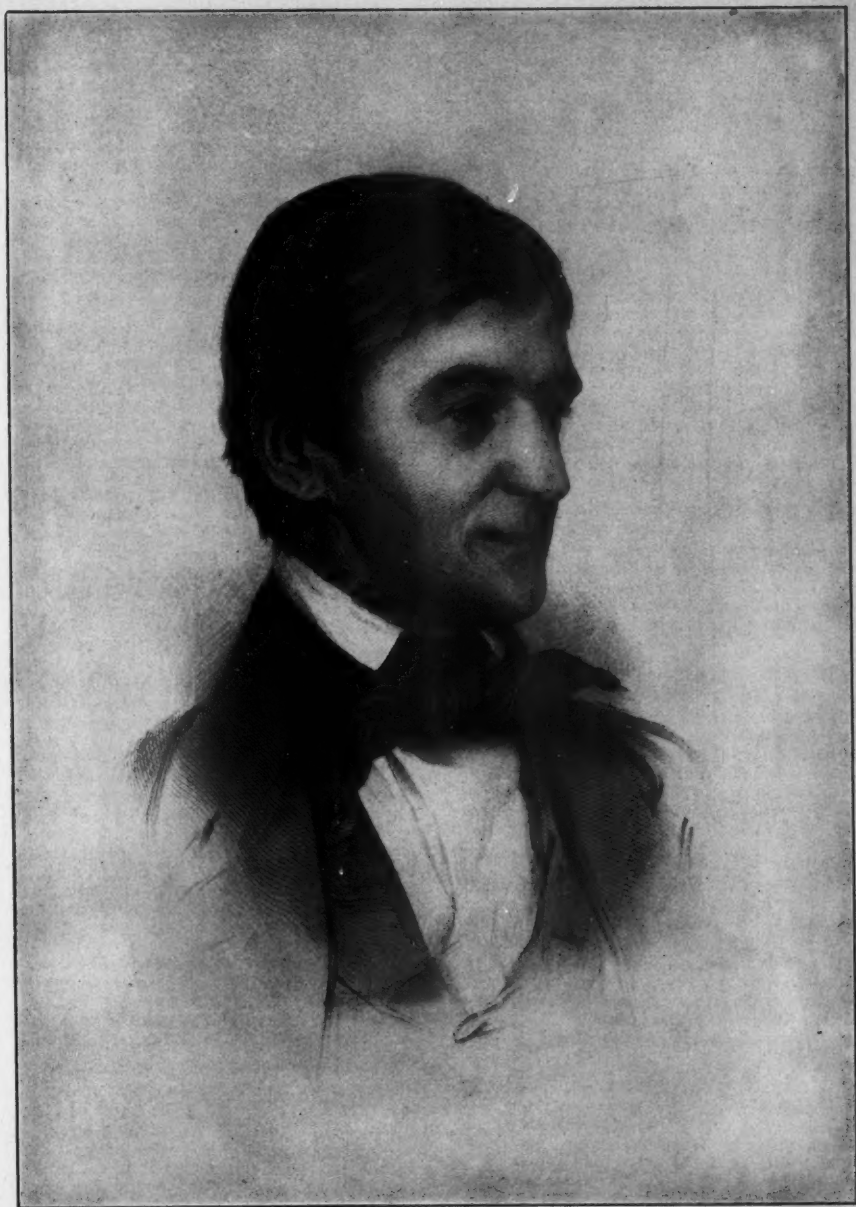
These delicately phrased sketches of certain Italian cities, semi-aesthetic, semi-historical, are as equally welcome as on their initial appearance. It is a pleasure to know that such charmingly wrought material meets with success.

Haynie—Paris, Past and Present. By Henry Haynie. Illustrated. In two volumes. Stokes. \$4.00.

While M. Haynie's "Paris" is not a remarkable achievement either for accuracy or picturesqueness, it ranks as a moderately good account of the capital of Europe. Much of the ground has been covered before in detail, but M. Haynie gives an excellent general survey in which history, description, and gossip are blended with sufficient taste and discrimination.

For list of Books Received, see second page following.





RALPH WALDO EMERSON IN 1856

(After an engraving by Schoff of the original drawing by
S. W. Rowse in the possession of C. E. Norton, Esq.
Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

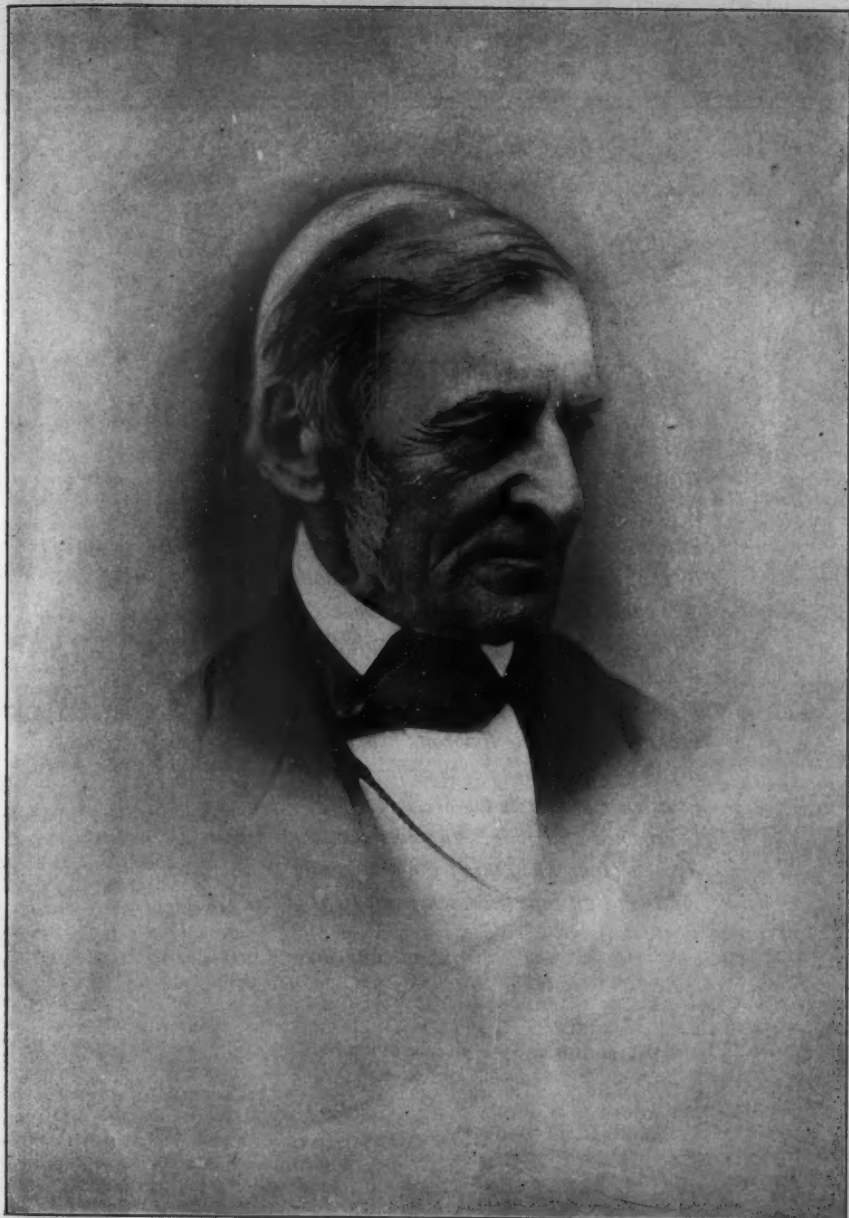


Photo by

Smith, Boston

RALPH WALDO EMERSON IN LATER LIFE

EMERSON

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

*KINGDOMS there are outside the civic state,
Whose orb of power, whose boundaries, are not known,
But only this—who fine allegiance own,
By that allegiance are, themselves, made great.
One such fair realm to thee is consecrate,
Thou of the vatic glance and orphic tone,
Whose cleaving thought the way of man hath shown,
With Freedom as a portion of his Fate!
Emancipator of the timorous heart—
Bringing to balance hopes as large as fears,
Chastener of spirits too precipitate,—
O crowned and gone! wherever now thou art,
Receive (long due) this tribute of young years,
And lend an influence, when the light grows late.*